

The background of the cover is a detailed illustration of a winter mountain scene. In the foreground, a village with numerous wooden houses, many of which are red, is nestled in a snowy valley. The houses have snow-covered roofs and some have small balconies. In the middle ground, a wide, snow-covered slope rises from the village, dotted with small evergreen trees and what appear to be ski runs or paths. At the top of the slope, a large, rugged mountain peak is visible, its upper reaches covered in snow and partially shrouded in mist or clouds. The overall color palette is dominated by whites and greys of the snow, with vibrant reds from the buildings and deep greens from the trees.

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 27, 1954

25 CENTS



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

NEXT WEEK, as 1954 becomes 1955, SI will salute its first Sportsman of the Year in a comprehensive review of the past 12 months in sport. Only a moment's reflection brings to mind the almost numberless names upon whom to choose from. SI itself, for instance, in less than five months of existence has already reported on more than 75 different sports and recreational pursuits, and named hundreds upon hundreds of participants in them—and the pleasant task of singling out one personality from the many who have distinguished themselves only underlines the increasing role which sport plays in our lives. It also brings the conviction that any Sportsman of the Year is, more than anything else, the symbol for the efforts and aspirations of all the Sportsmen of the Year—on all the teams, in all the sporting competitions in which people engage everywhere.

As people are apt to do at the end of a year—and with the thought that this is the first year that SI has had a chance to select its Sportsman of the Year—I found myself quite naturally turning over some of the brightest names of other years, wondering which, had we been there, our editors might have chosen. There are indeed so many that it is much like trying to extract individual lights from the Milky Way. Out of an almost legendary past, which some of our most active readers must still vividly recall, are Pudge Heffelfinger; Cy Young; Jim Corbett; Jim Thorpe—and Barney Oldfield, Honus Wagner, Francis Ouimet. Those of you who go back no farther than the Golden Twenties would certainly nominate Knute Rockne, the Four Horsemen or Red Grange; Babe Ruth, Paavo Nurmi, Helen Wills, Tommy Hitchcock, Dempsey and Tunney. And even the youngest of our readers know as contemporaries Joe DiMaggio, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, Blanchard and Davis, Hilary and Tenzing, Bob Mathias, Joe Louis. Among them all, surely a big horse named Man o' War would have to be in the running.

Probably in 1930 our choice would inevitably have been Robert T. Jones Jr., in the year of his Grand Slam triumph. For all those who in the past were in reality Sportsmen of the Year put something of character, of grace with determination, into their accomplishments, and gave to the quality of unprecedented performance the sense of unrepentable performance. It was certainly so with Jones. As his biographer, O. B. Keeler, wrote of Jones's record: "I'll let you in on this much: it will never happen again." Perhaps not. But as long as the game exists and the championships remain, the golfers will be swinging at that record and all the others, challenging old performance and, again and again, surpassing it.

That's the way of sportsmen. And next week, with its Sportsman of the Year, SI recognizes one who seemed most perfectly in 1954 to represent them all.

Harry Phillips



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Dr. Lewis W. Jones,
Rutgers University president,
suggests that football coaches
sit in the stands during
a game and leave
the players in full charge.
What do you think?

SHERRY ROBBINS, Devonport, Ia.

Airlines stewardess



"That appeals to me because I love amateur football. When it becomes big time, it loses a lot of interest. With the coaches in the stands, the game would be a greater challenge for the boys. And it would be more exciting to the fans. They'd see more color, more imagination."

JAMES C. HAGERTY, Washington, D.C.

Press secretary to
President Eisenhower



"It's not good. In addition to proper training, college players need the leadership of their coaches. Maybe football would be brought down to the campus level if coaches were required to watch the games from the stands. But such an innovation would also kill much of the interest."

TALLY FULMER, Lyman, S.C.

Chemical engineer



"Dr. Jones's suggestion, if adopted, will give the game back to the boys who play it. As it is, they are little more than 'Charlie

McCarthy's.' All the experts and some educators insist that football is a great developer of initiative, imagination and sportsmanship. Why not let it work that way?"

GENE TURNEY, Stamford, Conn.

Undrafted heavyweight
champion



"Dr. Jones's statement surprises me. I'm sure he must have intended it in the light of an experiment. But after the experiment he

would probably agree that a team without a coach is like a ship without a captain. Even worse, it would be like a university without a president."

DOUGLAS MOORE, Midland, Mich.

Lawyer



"Dr. Jones's suggestion would do more harm than good. A coach is 'mother' to his team. He must be with the boys to lead and protect them. Turning the direction of the game over to the players would result in inferior football. That, in turn, would lessen the revenue which supports college sports."

FRANK S. HOGAN, New York, N.Y.

District attorney



"Excellent. I have watched Lou Little at every drubbing Columbia took this year. Poor guy. The agony in his expressions! I'm concerned about Lou. We want him around. As past president of the Columbia Alumni Assn., I suggest he shouldn't even sit in the stands. He should take the day off."

FRANCIS WALLACE, Bellevue, Ohio

Football writer



"Another impractical suggestion by an educator. As long as football is honorably conducted, I am opposed to the current moves toward de-emphasis. This great college game occupies a definite and useful place in American life. It should be encouraged rather than sabotaged by well-meaning people."

JOHN FORSTER DULLES, Washington, D.C.

Secretary of State



"I wholeheartedly approve. Actually, this would be a greater test of a coach's ability and his influence on the boys. Letting them play and mastermind the game would not only demonstrate the coach's influence, but it would show how good the boys are and how much imagination they possess."



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PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



MISS ELLEN LYNCH was a prim, slender woman of 37 in 1907 when she became mathematics teacher at San Francisco's Laguna Honda Grammar School. Miss Ellen soon turned to coaching to occupy some of her spare time. Today at 84 (left), she can't remember how many championship teams she produced, but records show there were at least 25. Her track teams (below, Miss Ellen and her 1916 squad) were her big winners, but she was proudest of her baseball players, three of whom went to the big leagues. One was a skinny, 50-pound city hop-step-and-jump champion—Mark Anthony Koenig—who played shortstop with the 1927 World Champion Yankees. Others were famed pitchers Dutch Reuther of Cincinnati and Bert Cole of Detroit. Miss Ellen retired into obscurity in 1935, was rediscovered this fall by one of her pupils. Last month, her old students (including Koenig) had a party, gave Miss Ellen a trophy and television set to show they hadn't forgotten her





ROCKY MARCIANO currently is better known for battering opponents in the prize ring than for walloping a golf ball, but Jack Berweiler (right), golf professional at the Arrowhead Country Club in San Bernardino, Calif., says the world's heavyweight champion may be a scratch golfer in two or three years. Berweiler is giving The Rock lessons, admits the champ is still pretty erratic with a golf club, but claims that Marciano's power and superior coordination make him a top prospect. Rocky has promised to keep at his lessons, loves to play, is convinced he can master the game, but admits there's a lot of hard work ahead. He is already down to about 110 for 18 holes.

GEORGE (Specs) TOPORNER became blind in 1931 after a long baseball career as big league player (St. Louis Cardinals), minor league manager (Albany, Rochester, Buffalo) and farm director (Boston Red Sox). But baseball is still his work. Specs now lectures on it in schools, has written an instructive book for kids and coaches, *Baseball from Backyards to Big Leagues*.



THEODORE MC KELOIN, Maryland's governor, has never hunted much, but decided two weeks ago to tackle deer hunting for the first time near Hancock, Md. Stationed hawk of a blind with a 30-30, he dropped an eight-point, 160-pound buck, plans to have the head mounted in the executive mansion at Annapolis.



NANCY REID of Providence, R.I., is a most versatile athlete at 19. A freshman at the University of Bridgeport, she stars in basketball, field hockey, bowling and golf, plays tennis well. But track is her first love. Nancy excels in hurdles, dashes, all field events, hopes to make the 1955 Pan American Games and 1956 Olympics in the discus.



PEEKABOO WAR IN THE WOODS

by COLES PHINIZY

Between game wardens and the citizen impatient of the game laws there goes on a never-ending struggle of ingenuities

DRAWINGS BY AJAY

THE IDEA has been nourished by fiction writers for years that when a man goes back to the wilds, back to nature's bosom, as it were, he soon sheds his selfish and conniving ways. There was, for example, nothing greedy or cheap about Robinson Crusoe, nor a mean streak in the whole Swiss Family Robinson. Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, was suckled by a she-ape and oftentimes seized by such a temper that a scar on his forehead lit up like a traffic blinker, but for all that, Tarzan was a law abider, who never bit through a jugular vein without good cause. The woods of fiction are full of good examples, but if the worst offenders in the real woods today had even Tarzan's raw sense of ethics, fish and game wardens everywhere would give a cheer.

The woods are, like Sunday school and pool halls, open to all, and any warden knows he can expect all sorts. But at times lately New Jersey's 34 badgered wardens feel their woods are visited by an unseemly share of the deadbeats and connivers. Though a small state, Jersey has a good variety of fish and game, and, like any state, needs a welter of laws to protect wildlife (you cannot, for example, keep a deer captive in Jersey, and you cannot turn a coyote loose, and it's \$25 fine for eating a terrapin egg). However well they are put in mind of these laws, Jersey sadly finds, some hunters and fishermen never lose the old city urge to pull a fast one.

For proof of this urge, one need only look at Jersey's efforts to protect the least of its wildlife wards, the common blue crab. The state forbids taking crabs measuring less than four inches

across the shell. Crabbing is not a spectacular sport. Once caught, however, a blue crab shows its spirit, and laying one out for measurement is quite sporty for a beginner. The novice crabber takes the crab firmly with one



hand. The crab takes the novice firmly with one claw. And so it goes. After being clawed by a dozen, a man gathers a certain disdain for the law. Crabbers tore down the state's signs, feigned ignorance and generally horse-laughed at the blue-crab law. In August, 1961, the state struck back with a sudden three-week offensive now best remembered for one Sunday when the blue crabs invaded the public offices of Swedesboro. As Warden Jack Graham relates: "We stopped 150 crabbers in the heavy afternoon traffic. We'd lead four cars at a time back to Swedesboro, had 58 violators crammed in jail there at one point. What a mess."

"It was some day," recalls Protector Alfred Jones, head of the south Jersey wardens. "As they drove up, some crabbers caught on to what we were after. They were heaving crabs out the car windows, all over the turnpike. We had to chase the crabs. And back in the Swedesboro town hall, everybody was raising a hoek. We'd bring in another

violin and the crabbers already in jail would start singing 'If we'd known you were coming we'd have baked a cake.' Judge Conrad Kidd was hammering with a gavel and yelling for quiet. We had the evidence, 50 dozen crabs, in baskets in the council room. We charged every man with only one crab, but if he raised a row, we'd hit him with two, or maybe five, crabs at \$20 apiece. The crabs got out of the baskets—crabs crawling all over the floor, under desks and bookshelves. The police chief says, 'Do not bring any more crab cases to Swedesboro.'"

"The janitor swore a crab was following him everywhere," Warden Graham remembers. "A week later they still found dead crabs under things. Oh, we had a time, but we made gentlemen out of some crabbers."

Few game violators are as easily trapped as the blue crabbers. For one thing, it's a problem to separate the willful flouters of the law from the ignorant, with whom Jersey believes in being lenient. Hunters have mistakenly taken home billy goats for deer, barnyard ducks for wild ducks, and swans for geese.

DEAR BUZZARDS AND CROW DOGS

"In Somerville one season," recalls District Protector William Coffin of north Jersey, "this Italian fellow is beaming—I can tell he's from the city. 'Oh, warden,' he says, 'I gotta me a nice turkey.' We open his car trunk. I don't have to see it, I can smell it. There's a dead redheaded buzzard. Now, what should I do to him? I figure he'll learn his best lesson at home, so I say 'Yes, Tony Pasquale, you got a



niece turkey."

"Admit it," Mrs. William Coffin interrupts her husband. "There's a horrid streak in you. You got a big laugh thinking how a cooking buzzard would smell up his kitchen."

After suggesting to his wife that she go home to mother, Coffin continues, "That same road check, three or four men pull up—obviously from the city. They have a mixed bag in the trunk: a couple of pheasant, rabbits and a red chow dog. 'Shot a fox,' one of them says, 'and I'm gonna have it stuffed.' I let him go—he got his lesson when he took that dead dog to the taxidermist."

Not one to let the north Jersey district outdo his south Jersey district even on a point of ignorance, at the mention of chow dogs Protector Alfred Jones speaks up. "Dumb hunters? Listen. By the Delaware Bridge we caught a man with two roosters—pheasants, he thought—and a chow dog."

The willful violators, Jersey wardens find, have a tremendous imagination both for alibiing and for scheming up ways to beat the law. Some caught without licenses claim they are half Indian and not bound by white men's hunting laws. Find a man hunting at night (\$20 fine) with a flashlight (\$20) for deer out of season (\$100)—well, he's looking for a dog. Find illegal shot in a hunter's jacket, he'll blame his wife for not emptying the pockets. "I tell you," comments Atlantic County Warden Joe Gallo, "I don't think some of these guys have all their marbles." Warden Gallo arrested a Hammonton man in 1950 for illegal killing and possession of deer. It cost him \$300 and license privileges for two years. The next year Gallo caught the same man hunting deer with an illegally purchased license—another \$100 fine. "Then February a year ago," relates Gallo, "again I find the fellow. This time he's up in a tree with a gun. He's hunting deer out of season, he has sweet potatoes piled around the tree to bait deer and he tells me he's up there checking forest fires."

Wardens have found ducks hidden in automobile seat cushions, hen pheasants stuffed in spare tires, and illegal buckshot in hub caps. One hunter beheaded a doe and carried a buck's head in the car trunk, hoping that the illegal doe carcass, by inference, would pass as a buck. Another hunter bolted antlers on a doe. He just might have got away with it, had he not foolishly put one antler on backwards.

TACKS ON THE DRIVEWAY

It is a two-way peekaboo war—the warden trying to watch the suspected violators and the violators spying on the warden. "It gets so you live in a goldfish bowl," complains Sussex County Warden Hudson Amory. "They look in the garage to see if your car is there. They phone to ask if the warden is home or where he is, and the word gets around at the local tavern." Someone sprinkled tacks on the Amory driveway. He had 17 flat tires and his milkman had ten. Against "jackers," the violators who hunt with lights at night, Amory finds a warden never knows how his luck will break. At home one night watching television in



his undershorts, Amory heard a shot, grabbed his pants and his gun, took a header over a bicycle on the lawn, and caught two deer jackers in his own driveway. In contrast, in one remote field Amory has watched 15 nights in the past month, his car camouflaged by a discarded grass carpet from a funeral parlor. He has seen 14 deer jackers' cars flash spotlights over the area, chased two cars 40 miles an hour with-

out lights on a ratty mountain road and caught no one. He would have had a sure pinch one night, but the deer jacker's buckshot crashed into an apple tree, flushing two lovers parked below. The deer jacker went one way, the lovers the other, and Amory chased the wrong car.

While there would appear to be considerable genius, of an odd sort, among the connivers, Jersey's records indicate they are no special class of men. "I have caught lawyers, doctors, policemen, butchers, and bakers," recites Protector Coffin. One north Jersey clergyman has been caught three times in four years: 1) for fishing while leaning against a no-fishing sign, 2) for hiding illegal buckshot in his pants knee and 3) for hunting rabbits out of season. "Some you catch," adds Coffin, "think who they are is important. They pull out the wallet and flash lodge cards, membership in benevolent societies, silver badges and a lot of garbage. There are no kingfish in the ancient order of the woods." This prompts Coffin to point out that while willful violators are a scant percent of all the hunters and fishermen (but for all their minority killed as many deer as the honest hunters last year), you can never tell an honest woodsman by the way he bleats about the great sport of the woods. Last January the heads and hoofs of three deer were found beside a road wrapped in newspaper. The violator, from a small town in north Jersey, was easily caught by a mailing address on the newspaper. The number of deer made it fairly obvious that the hunter had accomplices, but he claimed he could not reveal their names. The accused took the total fine of \$600 for illegal possession and butchering, though the wardens found only one small venison cut in his house. "The judge tried to reason with him," Protector Coffin recalls, "but he would not say anything. Shortly after we caught him he was reinstated as recording secretary of his rod and gun club—at a venison dinner."

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30 **IN PHILADELPHIA NEARLY EVERYBODY LIKES GOLA**

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Five pages of photographs in color by TONI FRISSELL of the finest ski area anywhere, a fabulous world of frosted gingerbread houses and swift and exciting trails. Plus a SPORTING LOOK report on what to take on a European ski jaunt, a map of the Parsenn, and some tips on avoiding injury on any slope, foreign or domestic

**COVER:** Klosters

Photograph by TONI FRISSELL

Arriving in the Swiss village of Klosters, which snuggles against the massive snow trap known as the Parsenn, Photographer Toni Friswell was delighted to find the town covered by a blanket of new snow. An ascent skier, Miss Friswell took a cable car up into the Parsenn, found more new snow and a host of fellow skiers whom she photographed in color (pp. 34-39). Then she buckled down to the serious but happy business of trying out some of the famous runs herself.

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NEXT WEEK: THE SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

In its first New Year's issue SI presents the sportsman who, in the opinion of the editors, did most to make the world of sport wonderful in 1954. In addition to his intimate portrait of SI's choice, GERALD HOLLAND

reviews the major events of the past 12 months and Artist JOE KAUFMAN says Happy New Year '55 in caricature to 54 other personalities who helped make '54 a notable sports year.

ALI ALAI

Photographed by Mark Kauffman
Text by Octavus Roy Cohen

16 EUROPEAN SPORTS CARS

Photographed by Pierre Beaulin
Text by John Bentley

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

Text and paintings by John Groth

**ALL IN
COLOR**

PLUS



DECEMBER 27, 1954

SPORTS
SUNDAY EDITION

QUEENS, CROWDS & FOOTBALL

by **MARTIN KANE**

A special preview of the Rose, Sugar, Cotton and Orange Bowls—complete with scouting reports—points to carnival atmosphere and overflow scenes as well as rousing football on New Year's Day

COLLEGE football, a cyclic madness confined mostly to the autumn season, last week sent teams and coaches, sportswriters, TV and radio crews and a few early-bird spectators scurrying across the land, for the most part in a southerly direction. Destination: Bowl games.

In the van of all this were an adventurous couple of couples who set out on December 11 from Columbus, Ohio bound, in the pioneering spirit of Conestoga wagoners, for Pasadena's Rose Bowl. Their vehicle was a Ford of the Model-T formation, built in 1919, the year a Great Lakes Navy team beat the Mare Island Marines 17 to 0 in the Rose Bowl. (Temperature: 25°. Mr. and Mrs. Al Shuman and Mr. and Mrs. Mal Riggie, occupants of the Ford, reached Tulsa in five days but only after some interesting generator trouble in Lebanon, Mo. Then, pointing for the Texas Panhandle, they chugged on out of town, first of the postseason lemmings.

The mass migration by train, plane and modern car would not take place until after Christmas. But then it would begin and, together with the normal holiday season strain on transportation, would tax all the resources of wheel and propeller. The big airlines were pestered with requests for planes to be chartered but between Christmas and New Year's such special flights are not to be had. The hotels and motels of Pasadena, New Orleans, Dallas and Miami looked to bulge as the Rose, Sugar, Cotton and Orange Bowls would bulge on New Year's Day, television or no television.

Sellouts were assured for the big Bowls, with such capac-



ities as 75,504 (Cotton), 82,985 (Sugar), 68,718 (Orange) and 100,300 (Rose). Ticket prices ranged from \$4 for end-zone seats in the Orange Bowl to \$8.50 for "press box" seats in the Sugar Bowl.

And tickets were mighty hard to come by. The Rose Bowl, for instance, put only 3,500 tickets on public sale, the rest going to alumni groups in the two conferences, clubs, civic organizations and the like. They were snapped up immediately. The other Bowls similarly had no tickets after late November or early December.

In the Sugar and Orange Bowl sports fiestas there was more than football to be seen.

New Orleans presented six days of sports, including the Navy-Mississippi game, and starting with boxing matches between Maryland and the defending champion, Louisiana State, on December 28. In addition, there were three days of tennis featuring 16 United States and foreign players, basketball games between Loyola of the South and Notre Dame, and Holy Cross and Bradley, and a track meet in which Wes Santee was to run the mile. Finally there will be a regatta, sailed the day before and the day after the football game and featuring the "Race of Champions," an interclub affair sailed in Fish Class sloops, only boat common to all Gulf Coast clubs.

Another regatta, for outboards and inboards, is to be part of the Orange Bowl festival, which also features a junior tennis invitation tournament. These events were to start the day after Christmas and continue on to the day

continued on next page



ORANGE Bowl Queen Carolyn Stroupe of West Palm Beach kicks off for publicity.



SUGAR Bowl Queen is Janet Keene of Thibodaux, La., first chosen for this bowl.



COTTON Bowl Queen is Rozann Carter of the University of Arkansas, 1955 host team.

BOWL PREVIEW *continued from page 11*

after the New Year's game between Nebraska and Duke.

The Bowl games are big business, and not just for the hotel and restaurant trade. For instance, the Rose Bowl will take in \$875,000 from all sources, of which \$800,000 will be net to be split between each participating conference. Each team in the Cotton Bowl game will receive about \$158,000, and \$276,000 from Orange Bowl re-

ceipts will be split between the Big Seven and Atlantic Coast conferences. In 1954 the Sugar Bowl set its payoff record with \$144,669 apiece going to Georgia Tech and West Virginia.

THE FEAST BEFORE THE FAMINE

Presumably it's the festive atmosphere almost as much as football which draws such money. The most festive of all the Bowls is the Tournament of Roses, where it sometimes gets a mite chilly but the roses bloom anyhow. As a matter of fact, the best teams in the land don't necessarily oppose each other in the Bowl games. The only Bowl game with two teams from the Associated Press's top ten will be at New Orleans between Navy (No. 5) and Mississippi (No. 6).

The most venerable and wealthiest of the Bowl games is at Pasadena. The Tournament of Roses parade, five miles long, takes two hours to pass a given TV camera. This idea of a floral parade goes back to 1889, and the first football game in connection with the Tournament, which was won to feature chariot races, was in 1902 when Fielding (Hurry-up) Yost's point-a-minute University of Michigan team creamed Stanford 49 to 0. The Tournament thereupon went back to chariot races until 1916, the year Edwin Gaffney, Los Angeles stock broker, began to function as the most persistent of all Rose Bowl game spectators. Mr. Gaffney, claiming to have attended all Bowl games, tends to denounce historians who list that 1902 affair as a Rose Bowl game. He says anyhow the 1902

THE NEW YEAR'S TV BOWL

SUGAR

NAVY VS. MISSISSIPPI

2 P.M. E.S.T. ABC-TV

SCOUTING REPORT, PAGE 38

COTTON

GEORGIA TECH VS. ARKANSAS

1:45 P.M. E.S.T. NBC-TV

SCOUTING REPORT, PAGE 32

ORANGE

NEBRASKA VS. DUKE

1:45 P.M. E.S.T. CBS-TV

SCOUTING REPORT, PAGE 34

ROSE

OHIO STATE VS. SOUTHERN CAL

4:45 P.M. E.S.T. NBC-TV

SCOUTING REPORT, PAGE 34

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES ON THE BOWL GAMES



ROSE Bowl Queen, and Queen of Tournament too, is Marilyn Smuin of Pasadena.

game was not finished because Stanford ran out of substitutes.

Gaffney has helped out, so to speak, at some of the games. In 1924 he was told to mark off the yard lines with lime. He ran out of lime near the goal line and substituted some Old Dutch Cleanser he found in the locker room. The game ended in a 14-14 tie between Washington and Navy, and Gaffney feels he saved the day for Washington. On a crucial play a Navy lineman inhaled some of the cleanser, sneezed and fell offside. The penalty, Gaffney says, cost Navy a touchdown.

The game was moved to Durham, N.C. in 1942 because of the threat of a Japanese attack on the West Coast. Gaffney went to the Rose Bowl anyway. He sat alone on the 50-yard line with a portable radio and claims to have been the smallest Bowl-game crowd ever.

Gaffney won't be lonely in the Rose Bowl on this New Year's Day. The traffic procession to the game will start jamming the streets of Pasadena well before Pacific noon. And just before kick-off time Gaffney, settled in the stands once more, with his USC banner, his field glasses and his patient, understanding wife, will be joined by the tens of millions who will be watching on TV. Perhaps they will see another Roy Riegels run the wrong way or a Tom Lewis spring from the bench to make a rousingly illegal tackle. Whatever they see, they will be participants in the great Feast Day of Football, the Mardi Gras before the annual nine-months famine.

Rose Bowl. The unbeaten Buckeyes, champions of the Big Ten, meet the thrice-thwarted Trojans, runners-up to the mighty Bruins of UCLA for the Pacific Coast title, in the most hallowed of bowls. All signs say a sweeping victory for Ohio State. Dandoy, Arnett, Contratto & Co. could surprise. The Buckeyes have everything to lose, but won't . . . OHIO STATE.

Sugar Bowl. Navy vs. Mississippi. The Middies and Ole Miss have caught the public's interest. Navy, down only to Notre Dame 6-6 and Pittsburgh 19-21, has been aptly called a team named desire, but they may find out "way down yonder in New Orleans" that desire runs both ways. The Rebels, smarting under sneers of "soft schedule" and the surprising 0-6 lone loss to Arkansas, are bent on vindication. Psychology and the bigger tackles say Mississippi. But I still can't forget that Army game, so I say . . . NAVY.

Cotton Bowl. Georgia Tech vs. Arkansas. Two Tennesseans tangle in Texas. Robert Lee Dodd, dean of Southeastern Conference coaches, meets Bowden Wyatt, who, in his sophomore year as head coach, made Arkansas the surprise of the Southwest Conference. Rated near the bottom at the beginning of the season, amazing Arkansas won seven in a row before bowing to SMU 14-21. They were outgained by practically every opponent. But they won by a flawless kicking game coupled with an alert and sound defensive effort. Georgia Tech, hampered by early season injuries, finished strong for a 7-3 record. This Tech team is potentially better than their record shows, and the injured are healed. The Razorbacks have been opportunists all season, and Wyatt has gotten every thing out of them that is humanly possible. Maybe there is one more great effort left, but I'll have to take . . . GEORGIA TECH.

Orange Bowl. Duke vs. Nebraska. Last year through their affiliation with the Atlantic Coast Conference and the Big Seven, the Orange Bowl matched the 1-2 teams in the country, undefeated Maryland and Oklahoma. This year the luck of the draw was not as attractive from a national viewpoint but it could turn out to be one whale of a ball game. Both the Blue Devils and the Cornhuskers use the split T. Both are primarily running teams. Duke has been unbeatable in the South but Army and Navy have taken them, and they were tied by Purdue. Nebraska came through unexpectedly to gain the runner-up position in the Big Seven as Biff Glassford hushed his critics. Spiritually, the Cornhuskers—but the Blue Devils are wicked. DUKE.

Gator Bowl. Baylor vs. Auburn. This one might turn out to be the best of the bowl games. I started to say the best game of the day, but it will be played in Jacksonville on Dec. 31. Last year I saw the Gator Bowl game between Texas Tech and Auburn. It approached the Army-Navy game in pure offensive onslaught. Auburn, supposedly loaded, started slowly, gained momentum and finished by wrecking Georgia and Alabama. Baylor led the Southwest Conference in total offense and also was first in defense. In Quarterback Hooper and End Crenningmer, the Bears boast the best passing combination in their conference. Nonetheless, a trembling vote for AUBURN.

**SCOUTING REPORTS BEGIN
ON PAGE 50**

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



COVERED — AND UNCOVERED — WITH GLORY

RETIREMENT, honor and an incredible scoring mark were top items of the sporting week. In California, Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, pass-snatching ace of the Los Angeles Rams, had announced he would quit after the final game against the Green Bay Packers. Hirsch fans in the Los Angeles Coliseum swarmed onto the field after the final whistle.





A sock that flew through the air above their bobbing heads suggested what they were up to. The extent of their interest in memorabilia of their idol was not revealed, however, until the police escorted him to the dressing room (right).

In Puerto Rico where he was hitting .428 for the San-turce Crabs (below left), Willie Mays, who summers with

the New York Giants, heard the news that he had been voted the most valuable player in the National League.

In Chicago, Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, the fiery right wing of the Montreal Canadiens (SI, Dec. 6), rammed home the 400th goal of his career, 76 more than any other player in the National Hockey League has ever scored.





WONDERFUL WORLD
continued

THE BEST IS YET TO BE

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Nicholas Job took up golf when he was 2, an age when most children are still busy with more infantile pursuits. Son of a British professional, Nick occasionally forgets to show the poise of a pro (*left*) but his form is perfect (*below*). A consistent 70-yard driver, Nick gets around nine holes in 76, believes his best years are still to come.



SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS OBSERVE A DIZZY MOMENT IN ORGANIZED BASEBALL AND
IN THE VIRGINIA HUNT COUNTRY, REFLECT ON OLYMPIC OBJECTIVES
AND ON SOME MALTHUSIAN TRENDS IN THE WORLD OF TROUT FISHING

The reason

FOR a dizzy moment last week Ralph Kiner stood Organized Baseball on its head. In violation of the protective clause that says no player can have his salary reduced more than 25% in a single year, Kiner insisted he be whacked down nearly 40%. Baseball mores of course prevailed, and Ralph will be forced to accept \$48,750 with the Cleveland Indians next year instead of the \$40,000 he demanded.

Momentarily, however, Home Run Hitter Kiner stood out in the public light with all the freshness and eccentricity of an Egyptian pharaoh proposing to build a pyramid upside down. Kiner, a thoughtful fellow, says no, his idea was just common sense.

He considers himself the manufacturer of a commodity—home runs. At his peak, with the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1949, he manufactured 54, but last year with the Chicago Cubs (at a salary of \$65,000) he produced only 22. At 32, he is geared to big money—he lives in an expensive home at Palm Springs' Thunderbird Golf Club in the winter, lives well in the East during the season, and shudders at the thought of a future out of baseball. Fair trading, he thinks, will keep him in baseball longer. When he was switched to the American League he set out to build up what Wendell Willkie called a reservoir of good will.

"There were players on the Cubs who resented my salary," he said, "and I didn't want any of that in Cleveland. Also—I expect to have a big year this year and I expect to ask for a raise. I've found that people treat you right if you treat them right."

How did he feel about switching to Cleveland? "They won 111 games last year," he said. "That means they were happy 111 times. We only won 64 on the Cubs."

No passage to Moscow

LAST SPRING when Soviet ice skaters were cleaning up at the world speed-skating championships in Japan,

the United States was not represented. The reason? Not enough money could be raised from private sources to send a team. The State Department declined to help, saying the mission was not "meritorious enough." Soviet propagandists had a field day. "Such a rich country," they said, and everyone laughed.

Everyone laughed except Richard P. Shearman, manager of the U.S. team. He was determined that the United States would be represented at the next world speed-skating championships, which are scheduled to be held in February at, of all places, Moscow. He decided to raise the money himself, estimating that \$2,500 should be enough to send a modest three-man contingent, enough to insure adequate American representation in the sprint races where American strength lies.

Last week he announced the result of his campaign. Not enough money could be raised from private sources to send more than one skater. The State Department declined to help, saying the mission was not meritorious enough.

There is probably some sort of logi-



LITTLE MEN, WHAT NOW?

*Behold his cure
Man thrown clear
He was the one
Picked to steer.*

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

cal connection between Mr. Shearman's plight and the frequently voiced worry that the United States is going to be clobbered by the Soviet Union in the 1956 Olympics, for, like the worriers, Mr. Shearman is concerned with the possible loss of American prestige at international sports events. Unlike them, he is not worried so much about how we do. He just wants us to get there.

The concept of sport

THE WORRY, mentioned above, over how well United States athletes will do in the 1956 Olympics is, in its implications, disturbing to those who feel that sports are supposed to be fun. This is not meant to be a criticism of those who are trying to organize wholesale training programs for American athletes but, rather, a rueful consideration of the peculiar position the world of sport is finding itself in as a direct result of the explosive flowering of Soviet athletics.

For instance, it is held that a program of carefully supervised intensive training would do much to build up American strength in track and field—the most important Olympic competition—and thus prevent the humiliation of our track and field team in the 1956 Games.

Now undoubtedly this is right. Such a program of carefully supervised intensive training would almost certainly improve the times and heights and distances of our better athletes and would uncover hitherto hidden talents in our lesser-known men. Our track and field team would be, as a unit, stronger and we would be in a good position to defeat the Soviet Union for the Olympic track and field team title.

Except that, technically, there is no Olympic team title in track and field nor any over-all Olympic team title. The Olympic ideal as expressed by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympic Games, involved competition between individuals rather than nations. Honor to nations would derive from honor to individuals. This lofty ideal was unintentionally

continued on next page

ally ruined and all but destroyed by the adoption of the practice of saluting a winner by playing the national anthem of his country and hoisting his country's flag to the top of the center flagpole. Any American who has had his otherwise well-controlled emotions tingled to the point of tears by the sight of the Stars and Stripes rising against a foreign sky and by the sound of *The Star-Spangled Banner* ringing out over a foreign land can testify that, one world or no one world, that's the



flag and that's the tune he, as an American, wants to hear. By extension, we can understand why a Swede or a Finn or an Englishman might feel the same way.

This attitude is innocent and healthy in itself so long as it is a national pride in the individuals of the nation. But the Soviet Union stands for "collectivism," to use one of the multitude of euphemisms that disguise its totalitarian nature. The failure of an individual does not reflect the weakness of the individual; it implies a weakness in the state. The Soviet track and field team must, as a matter of national policy, be as strong and dominant as Soviet artillery or Soviet diplomacy. It is, therefore, a ward of the state and is nurtured under a carefully supervised and intensive training program. As a result, Soviet athletes win. They may not look upon winning as a particularly gratifying phase of the fun found in track and field. They may not look upon it as fun at all. But they win.

This brings us to a difficult, not easily answered question about intensive organized team-training programs: Do we feel strongly enough about national prestige—for this is certainly a question of national rather than individual pride—to follow the Soviet example and turn the Olympics into a battle between nations rather than a competition between individuals?

We think of Viscount Templewood, president of the British Lawn Tennis Association, who earlier this month discussed the possibility of Soviet tennis players competing at Wimbledon. He outlined the conditions under which the Soviets might be eligible and then added a comment on the Soviet attitude towards sport.

"Russians," he said, "evidently regard athletic victories as evidence of their national superiority. We must refuse to accept this concept of sport."

Coming as it did in a year in which Roger Bannister demonstrated his individual superiority over all the world's milers and Chris Chataway demonstrated his individual superiority over

the great Russian runner, Vladimir Kuc, it was a statement that the sportsmen of the world might study before answering the larger question.

Arcaro of Virginia

THE foxes of Virginia have been scampering away from hunters and hounds since long before the American Revolution, but it is doubtful that they have ever endured pursuit quite so unique, so grand, so frightening as that which materialized when the Piedmont Fox Hounds met at Philmont on Nov. 23 (mark well the date), 1954. It was on that occasion that Eddie (Banana Nose) Arcaro, premier jockey of the American turf, took his first crack at riding to hounds.

Jockey Arcaro, who had never heretofore assayed anything more uneven than the backstretch at Aqueduct, showed up for the hunt as the guest of Mrs. Richard Lunn (the former Liz Whitney) perched high on a huge hunter named William S. Hart. He was costumed in a cap, a windbreaker and jodhpurs, and looked, among all the big folks in pink coats, something like an exercise boy up on an elephant. His stance was definitely lopsided, for he rode with "acey-deucey stirrups" (the right higher than the left, racing style). Said he, grinning, "I can't get legitimate overnight." But he spurred resolutely to the head of the field and took the first jump—a 4-foot 4-inch fence—like a flea on a kangaroo.

He was startled, nevertheless, by the way William S. Hart went sailing through the air, and in the next flat stretch he hustled along beside top Brush Rider Emmett Roberts and begged plaintively for advice on staying alive. "Grab a handful of mane and hang on until you get the swing



of it," cried Roberts. Arcaro was shocked. "Right out here in front of everyone?" he asked incredulously. "Sure," bawled Roberts. "Go ahead." Arcaro hung on. But after a few more jumps his years on horses began to tell; he got "his feet off the dashboard" and leaned into the jumps. In one 80-minute, 15-mile chase after a red fox (which finally retreated to its den) Arcaro took 25 assorted stone walls, fences and chicken coops without blinking an eye.

When the day was done, the old amateurs of hunting were unanimous in their judgment of Old Pro Arcaro: "Cool head, stout heart, good hands, firm seat." Arcaro, however, was still breathing a little hard last week. He confessed: "I sure felt like a gone guinea going over that first one."

The Sugar Bowl Mile

SHORTLY BEFORE the "Mile of the Century" at Vancouver, B.C. last summer, certain thinkers at the National Broadcasting Company had a vision which all but blinded them—why not show the Bannister-Landy struggle on a split screen in the U.S. and devote the other half to a picture of Kansas' Wes Santee racing them by remote control at some track in the States? The delicious scheme fell through—Santee was busy undergoing summer training as a Marine Corps reserve officer—but his feud with the two four-minute milers was only delayed. Next week he will set out to run them into the ground on the track at New Orleans' Sugar Bowl.

Both Landy and Bannister, of course, are now retired, leaving Santee—apparently the only man alive capable of matching them—as a sort of Robinson Crusoe of the world of track. But to gain the glory he is absolutely certain he deserves he must still conquer them *in absentia*. From the day he got back to Kansas from Quantico last September he has been training with lung-cracking devotion not only to break the four-minute barrier himself (he ran 4:00.8 and 4:00.7 last June) but to exceed the best performances of his ghostly rivals.

Santee, a tall, stick-thin wire-muscled fellow (6 feet 11 inch, 146 pounds), is still holding forth at the University of Kansas at Lawrence—he is no longer eligible for intercollegiate competition but will not complete his undergraduate work in physical education until this June. He began his autumn conditioning program by running from four to six miles a day around the hilly Kansas campus and by subjecting himself to speed sprints afterward. Since Thanksgiving Day he has been applying himself to what Bannister and Landy call "interval running" and what he terms "paced quarter miles" on the track in the cold, empty Kansas football stadium.

In so doing he has put more emphasis on speed than either of his rivals—both of whom prepared for races by running a quarter mile, walking a quarter mile and repeating the process as many as 10 or 12 times. Santee, garbed in a curious training costume (wrinkled long woolen underwear with a pair of trunks and a turtle-necked sweater yanked on over them), has been running five quarters at increasing speed (58, 58, 57, 57 and 53 seconds) and has been running rather than walking a quarter between each. On top of this, six days a week, he has also run longer distances and short sprints. On the seventh day he rests—or rather he just goes out in the country and runs five or six miles. "Man," he says, "there's nothing finer than to

just go out and run on Sunday afternoon."

"I'm in great condition," he says. "I'm a lot stronger than I was at this time last year—you can look for better times this season." For all this he still faces the same dilemma which was his last year—there is no man in the U.S. capable of pushing him. Victor Milligan of Northern Ireland (now a student at Purdue University), who ran 4:05 against Landy and Bannister last summer at the British Empire Games and who was to have opposed Santee in New Orleans, has withdrawn because of lack of conditioning. In the Sugar Bowl Mile, which will be run the day before the football game, Santee will face relatively mediocre competition.

He has, nevertheless, active hopes of breaking four minutes and plans to run three 60-second quarters and then burn the cinders in his final lap. If he misses? Santee—a man with a genuinely royal air who speaks of himself in the third person—will not be discouraged. In time, as a matter of fact, he expects to run 3:55. "Nobody," he said firmly last week, "has any more confidence than Wes Santee."

Put and take

MAN'S DREAMS of gain and glory have driven him to conquer the world—and to defeat himself. But when his soul is bruised, he goes fishing and piously consoles himself beside a green and foaming river. In so doing, however, the slippery and self-deceiving old rip simply substitutes a new dream of conquest for the old; he wades up to his hips in icy water and endures clouds of mosquitoes, not for philosophy's sweet sake but in the ego-swelling hope of luring huge trout to the net. The other day he proudly raised a monument to the

fact that he has defeated himself all over again—the biggest, most efficient, most expensive trout hatchery in the world went into operation at Rifle Falls, Colorado.

There is nothing new at all in the concept of the fish hatchery. The works of Fo-Li make it evident that the Chinese had mastered the art of artificially hatching fish in 2100 B.C. The Romans constructed huge piscines for fish culture, and during the Middle Ages Germany was dotted with ponds devoted to carp farming. Ludwig Jacob of Westphalia managed artificial impregnation of trout eggs as early as 1763, and one Seth Green, the father of U.S. fish culture, began hatching trout at Mumford, N.Y. in 1864.

But through all these centuries man labored under the impression that he had outwitted nature. Green and many a U.S. fish culturist who followed him imagined they had made the sportsman's dream of the big trout a certainty, that one had but to hatch millions of fish, release them into streams and lakes and—voilà!—paradise had been gained. At first their hopes had some validity. The flashing western rainbow was successfully transplanted all around the world. Europe's brown trout were brought to the U.S., and in the early 1900s the immortal Theodore Gordon noted, with pleasure, that they grew much larger than the native trout they had supplanted in Catskill Mountain streams.

This heady sense of progress and the heady knowledge that American streams were well nigh endless served to mask certain flaws in early thinking. Man, true, had learned to hatch trout much more efficiently than nature. But, when released, the trout needed food, they needed shelter, they needed pure water. A given stream would support just so many fish, wild or hatchery-

bred. If more were inserted, all were stunted. If they had insufficient cover or were subject to pollution, they died. More and more hatcheries were built—today every state but two (Delaware and Mississippi) raises trout. The other 46 states maintain more than 500 hatcheries and the federal government runs 92.

Long before they were all built, man began asking himself some embarrassing questions: would not the money used for hatcheries be better spent in assuring or increasing the food supply in lakes and streams, in providing cover and proper pools for trout and counteracting the scourge of industrial pollution? They have never really been answered. There has never been time. Year after year new roads and automobiles have made the myriad streams of the U.S. more and more accessible; year after year more and more millions of Americans have been seized with the dream of catching the big trout.

There are some 18 million licensed fishermen in the U.S. today—almost four times as many as in 1934. From eight to ten million of them, by the best estimates, fish for trout, and though the 600-odd U.S. hatcheries now produce almost 300 million fish annually, demand along endless streams far exceeds supply. The result has been "put and take" stocking, in which legal-size fish (usually eight inches long) are dumped into streams, not to linger and grow, but simply to satisfy the immediate fishing pressure. Colorado's \$1,750,000 superhatchery at Rifle Falls, with its 10,400 feet of concrete raceways, its ultimate ability to hatch simultaneously 36 million trout eggs, is a monument to put and take.

The day of universal put and take is not yet here, but even in Colorado, with its Rocky Mountain wilds and its 14,500 miles of trout streams, the time seems to be drawing near. "For anything accessible by good road," one of its fish-department officials says, "the statement that the era of planting hatchery fish, which will promptly be taken out by fishermen, has arrived is absolutely correct." Colorado now has 26 hatcheries in all and its annual increase in fishermen since World War II (about 65,000 a year) is greater than the total number of Colorado anglers 25 years ago.

There will always be private water in the U.S., such as the guarded, sylvan, upper waters of some Catskill streams, and there will always be a few inaccessible mountain areas in which heart-stopping trout will rise to the fly. Few Americans now growing up will ever catch such fish. But then, any trout are better than no trout and the fisherman's capacity for self-delusion is endless; perhaps he will grow to dream of eight-inch rainbows.



"... And that's how you retrieve a duck!"

PRINCELY BOAR HUNT



For 500 years the great tuskers of the Loewenstein forest preserve in Germany have been shot according to ancient tradition. Hunting still is as bounteous and ceremonial as ever for the aristocracy today

by CHARLES W. THAYER

PAINTINGS BY HANS LIESE

IT WAS late on a December day when my wife and I drove up to the shooting park of Prince Carl zu Loewenstein in western Germany for a boar hunt in the grand old manner. The prince's shooting lodge commands a sea of huge old beech trees in the Spessart Mountains just east of Frankfurt. The game of ancient Europe roams these carefully preserved 3,000 acres, and it is as abundant now as it ever was over the centuries. This was to be a hunt such as one seldom encounters in the mundane 20th Century, for the boar is still hunted with all the formality and observance of tradition practiced by an aristocracy which has almost vanished from the European scene.

had a cape thrown over his shoulder or tucked around his knapsack.

A dilapidated old barouche was pulled from the stable by a couple of strong farm horses. Several of the guests who'd either been maimed in one of Germany's wars or had merely sprained an ankle climbing a mountain got reluctantly into the carriage. Behind it was a long farm wagon for the lazy but more agile. A third, the game cart, with a butcher armed with cleavers and knives, brought up the rear.

rose like pillars in an endless cathedral.

Half a mile from the lodge, the *Jäger*, or hunting personnel, were drawn up in parade formation. In the rear rank, 30 rubber-aproned woodcutters, wearing a weird assortment of headgear, stood at attention. They were the beaters, the men who did the work of scrambling through the thickets, whooping and calling and banging their sticks against the trees to drive out the game. Between their legs a howling pack of dachshunds and terriers tugged at leashes. Before them stood the foresters in gray-green forest uniforms, each with a stiff-brimmed hat smartly cocked over one eye. They were the officers of the hunting army, who helped post the gunners, tracked down wounded game with specially trained bloodhounds and generally made themselves useful. In the front rank, also in forest uniforms, were the trumpeters, seven in all, their feet slightly apart.

TITLES AND NAMES

When we arrived, we found 22 other guests from half a dozen countries, with titles too long for my lame memory. I tried calling them by their last names and it sounded as though I were reciting a lesson in geography—counts and countesses, dukes and duchesses of Greece, Bavaria, Liechtenstein. There were nine different nationalities represented by the 11 ladies present.

Breakfast next morning was at 8 and by 9 the whole party had assembled on the steps of the lodge, the ladies bundled in long woolen Loden coats, the men in shooting jackets, breeches and stalking boots. Each of the men also



A slight fall of snow had left patches of white on the copper-colored leafy floor of the forest. All around us the sleek, gray-blue trunks of beech trees

SALUTE TO THE PRINCE

Before them all stood the Chief Forester, Herr Büchelmayr. As we approached, he raised his hat in greeting. We paused and removed ours. Everyone said, "*Waidmann's Heil!*" which is the traditional German hunter's greeting. The trumpeters lifted their horns to their lips and blared out a salute that echoed through the forest.

"They call this 'The Salute to the

(text continued on page 23)

"As I turned a corner in the forest I saw a big bonfire burning in a clearing under the beeches. Around it foresters had set up a circle of stools made of sawn-up beech trunks. A trumpeter blew lunch call."



"An enormous tusker charged full speed from the cover. For a moment I followed him in my sights and then squeezed. The great ugly beast reared and lunged forward several feet in the air. Then his head dropped, his hindlegs went over in a somersault and he crashed to the ground."





"The game was unloaded from the cart and carefully laid out in a line. Foresters lit torches of twigs and stood at attention behind the carcasses. The flames threw weird shadows on the vaulted branches overhead. The trumpeters blew a salute to the pigs."



"As you raise your gun a big fallow deer comes prancing by a few feet away, his webbed antlers laid back, snooty nose high in the air as though he's checked the hunting law proclaiming him out of season."

Prince," a redheaded Irish girl next to me whispered, "but I've never discovered what happens if there's no prince around."

"Hush," said her husband, a duke. "Don't be irreverent."

When the music started, the dachshunds and terriers sat back on their haunches and sent up the most baleful caterwauling.

"What's that called?" I asked the Irish girl.

"They're cheering you commoners," she whispered.

The horns stopped, the dogs quieted down and our host turned to his guests

which were most frequented by the wild pigs. Around them in the taller pines and beeches where the field of fire was more or less clear, a chain of blinds, 50 to 200 yards apart, had been built of pine boughs. Above each, a sliver of birchwood bore the number of the stand. Painted on a tree to either side of each stand was a red warning dot showing the direction of the next stand.

A few hundred yards from the first beat, the Chief Forester signaled us to halt and in a low voice read out the assignment of stands: "Stand No. 1 His Highness the Prince of —. Stand No. 2, His Highness the Duke of —. Stand No. 3, Herr Mister Thayer."

Herr Bichelmayer, I suspect, had an affinity for fellow commoners. He rolled out the "Mister" as though it ranked above an empress.

The assignment of stands itself was an intricate process. Before each drive or beat our host and the Chief Forester had a long and confidential huddle. Each carried a notebook with a carefully drawn map of the beat and the stands and a list of the hunters. Meticulous records showed where the pigs had usually come out in previous years. As the shoot progressed, each hunter was assigned a better or worse stand depending on the luck he'd had till then.

Luck or no luck, the hunters were sure of excitement. From the moment a gunner settled in his stand he was kept in a perpetual state of tension by sounds and portents in the forest all about him. A roe deer suddenly burst out of a thicket and sailed past in long, elegant bounds. Then, far off, a horn blew. It was answered by another across the valley. A trumpeter hidden in a tree nearby blew a few notes in reply, and then all three joined in the call to begin the drive. Soon the dogs started barking and circling through the underbrush, trying to drive the reluctant pigs into the open.

Suddenly there was a thrashing in the thicket in front. A big fallow deer came prancing by a few feet away, his antlers laid back, his nose high in the air as though he'd just checked the hunting law proclaiming him out of season. There was a shot at the next stand, and we strained our ears for the sound of a pig. Instead, a fox slunk silently out of the cover and trotted off. Then, sly as he was, he stopped just long enough for me to lay my sights on him and send him spinning.

Finally, a horn signaled the end of the drive. We waited a few minutes, for often the wisest and biggest old

boars lie low during a drive and then sneak quietly away when the shooting has died down. But nothing came. We went over and picked up the fox, handing it rather proudly but deprecatingly to a passing forester.

As the party gathered for the next drive, each hunter looked anxiously at the other hunters' hats. Some already were wearing little bloodstained spruce twigs—the badge awarded for shooting a pig. The host and the Chief Forester withdrew into a huddle to assign the next posts. But there was little waiting. Everything had been carefully worked out and each forester knew exactly what his job was. "The Loewensteins have been shooting in this forest for 500 years," one guest said, "and by now they have most of the bugs ironed out."

After three drives we were getting hungry. I looked at my watch: exactly 1 o'clock. As we turned the next corner in the forest I caught sight of a big bonfire burning in a clearing under the beeches. Around it foresters had set up a circle of stools made of sawn sections of a beech trunk. A trumpeter blew the lunch call. More hunters straggled in and warmed themselves by the fire while the ladies bustled about with plates of hot bean soup and sandwiches, glasses of schnapps and cups of hot coffee.

Finally the horn sounded again and we were off for the last three drives of the day. By the end of the sixth it was



to announce the rules for the shoot. Of course, everyone knew them, but it was part of the ritual and also, incidentally, part of the German hunting law.

"The shooting today is for wild boar, males and females, but I'd appreciate your trying to avoid shooting sows with young litters. You may shoot foxes and other vermin. You will see stag, roe deer, fallow deer and moulton. They're not to be shot. Each drive will begin and end with the appropriate bugle call. You may shoot before and after the drive only if you're absolutely certain the field of fire is clear. Please do not shoot into the beat when the beaters are approaching and, of course, don't shoot at your neighbors. *Weidmann's Heil!*"

He raised his hat. We raised ours. "*Weidmann's Heil!*" we repeated.

THE FIRST DRIVE

Voices fell to a whisper and everyone walked gingerly to avoid cracking twigs underfoot as we started toward the first drive. There were to be six in all, or seven if the light held, that day. Each centered around a thick planting of young evergreens or a thicket sometimes half a mile in diameter. In previous weeks the foresters had been keeping their eyes on all the thickets in the huge preserve to see



already getting dark: time for the grand finale: the *Strecke*. The game was unloaded from the cart and carefully laid out in a long line. Foresters lit torches of twigs and stood at attention behind the row of carcasses. The flames threw weird shadows on the vaulted branches overhead. The trumpeters came forward and blew a salute to the pigs. The fox got a special tune of his own. Then they blew a long, rather sad dirge: "Farewell to the Forest," and finally, the gay, quick

continued on page 64

BOBO:

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

CARL (Bobo) Olson, whose increasing durability as world's middle-weight champion was demonstrated last week when he whipped the rugged French challenger, Pierre Langlois, is a laconic young man who wears his crown with the confident air of the successful street fighter. Bobo was one, and his experience as a bare-knuckle alley battler serves him well today in a business where the struggle for survival is sometimes decided not by the fittest fists but by the fastest bucks. In a racket-ridden climate and with the public taking an ever dimmer view of sad TV ring spectacles, Olson remains one of the few who provides satisfactory entertainment with his spluttering fists.

Bobo and his equally unloquacious manager, Sid Flaherty, can play it straight and tough because they occupy a unique position as independent operators. Recently chosen *Fighter of the Year* by the New York boxing writers, Olson is but one of a score of Flaherty fighters. Two others, Maurice Harper, a welterweight, and Eddie Chavez, a lightweight, are top contenders. The Flaherty stable, by far the biggest in the country, is also bountiful enough to write its own ticket—to a degree.

THE DEVIL HIMSELF

The degree, it seems, has a great big dollar sign in front of it. "We're fighting for only one thing—money," Flaherty says candidly. "Bobo's days of apprenticeship are over." And Bobo echoes: "If the devil himself wants to fight, and they'll pay enough, Sid and me will fight him."

A fortnight ago this remark, made somewhat earlier, gained a special pertinence. Despite Flaherty's fancy-free role as a big West Coast operator with enough boxers at all weights to provide top billing on several nationwide cards at once, he signed a three-year contract with James D. Norris Jr., president of the International Boxing Club (SI, Dec. 13), by which Norris will promote bouts for Flaherty in the Midwest and East.

As Flaherty explained it: "It's all



WINNING COMBINATION includes Manager Sid Flaherty (foreground), Trainer Willie Wharton and Champion

Olson, shown wearing his training headgear. Flaherty discovered Olson in a Honolulu gymnasium during World War II.

STRICTLY FOR LOOT

The 1954 Fighter of the Year and his manager, Sid Flaherty, are in business for money; they've earned respect as well as dollars, but their new tie-up with IBC may cost them one if not the other

give and take in this business, and in my book Jim Norris is an honorable man. I've signed this because it's good for both of us and in spite of any differences Jim and I have had in the past. Jim's friends are his personal business. That's got nothing to do with it. I've got a big stable and I need good relations with Jim Norris. This contract represents the International Boxing Club's recognition that California is virgin territory and that I can do Norris some good by arranging fights out here just as he can help me in the East. It's as simple as that. Jim Norris remains a top man with me."

Whether or not Flaherty will be able to use a long enough spoon when he mops with Norris and such friends of his as Frankie Carbo remains to be seen. Until now the Flaherty-Olson combination has seldom been beholden to anyone. As a businessman-boxer team, they have parlayed crowd-pleasing fights into a proper fortune.

Flaherty and Olson, too both of whom boxing has been strictly business from the start, are a truly scientific combination. Watching Bobo fight, with Sid in his corner, is not unlike observing a hazy football coach and an even busier quarterback on the busiest Saturday afternoon. While Bobo flails away, tactically on his own as a boxer has to be, big, burly Flaherty, 6-feet 3-inches of lumbering authority, constantly flashes hand signals to him.

Olson's natural ring savvy is enhanced by what Flaherty calls the readiest "eye" in the business; a magnificent ability to see an opponent's thrust coming, defend himself against it, and then lash away inside. Strategically, however, Flaherty remains in charge, mapping the battle round by round.

Perhaps the best example of the kind of fight Olson and Flaherty put on was Bobo's victory last April over Kid Gavilan, then world's welterweight champion. Gavilan was trying to step up a notch and take Bobo's crown away. A seasoned, tricky and polished fighter in his own right, the Kid was

outsmarted by a combination of Flaherty's corner cues and Bobo's close counterpunching. As Bobo himself explains it when he thinks he has fought well: "My legs and my arms, they work perfectly together tonight."

If the Flaherty-Olson combine seems a bit mercenary in its predilection for folding money, it's because both men know they're champions in a tough tax and TV time. The real reason for Flaherty's signing up with Norris was probably tipped some time ago by Flaherty himself. "Nowadays," he said, "you can't just please a crowd. You've got to please a nation. If you fight a bad fight, maybe you don't get another whack at that little screen so soon."

THE QUICK BLOW

Olson and Flaherty are TV vets, but after the last round neither one of them cares very much about pleasing anyone. Sid and Bobo have always liked to be left alone—Sid at his ranch at San Martin, and Bobo with his family in San Francisco, 70 miles away.

Bobo still remains the wary kid from Hawaii, shuffling with his head down, remembering the toe lines in the dust

and the darts, the sudden imbroglios on summer nights when no bells rang for ends of rounds. There was no time to talk against taunts: the quick blow counted. He was born in Honolulu on July 11, 1928, the son of a World War I soldier who had stayed on in Hawaii as a federal narcotics agent. Bobo's then wife-to-be, Helen Cavaco, who lived nearby, remembers him when he was only six. "He was such a skinny little fellow," she says, "I felt so sorry for him. The boys liked to kid him about his freckles and it made him fighting mad. He'd take on anyone who teased him. Size made no difference." Helen, who was something of a tomboy, adds wryly, "I tried to protect him, but I wasn't always around."

At the age of 12, Bobo—the nickname was his younger sister's version of brother—found himself on his own. He began to run with a gang of tough Kalihī teen-agers. "We'd hang around Bethel Street, where the servicemen came," he recalls. "The sailors would pass and shout 'Jap-dodger' at us. We had at least one good fight a day." Although most of the boys in the gang were older, Bobo's skill with his fists soon made him the leader. To establish his status further, he had himself tattooed—the word MOTHER was needed across a bluebird on his left arm and a dragon on his right.

A friend named Billy James, who

continued on next page



RIGHT TO TITLE was proved again by Bobo last week when he defeated France's

Pierre Langlois by a TKO in 11 rounds. Most of his points came from infighting.



STALKING GAVILAN In title defense at Chicago last spring, Olson cocks right

BOBO OLSON *confused*

did a little boxing, took young Olson to a small gym one day. Bobo did some sparring, and eventually caught the eye of Dado Marino, who later became the flyweight champion of the world. Marino, an expert craftsman, taught Olson how to feint—a skill usually neglected in street fighting. Olson today is one of the best feinters in boxing.

One day while Olson was working out in the gym Sid Flaherty saw him. Flaherty was then an Army sergeant, arranging boxing bouts for Special Services, but, being Flaherty, he also had his eye cocked at the future. "Bobo impressed me right away," he says. "He was just a spindly-legged kid, but even then he had grace you couldn't miss, a remarkable gift of coordination and a solid set of reflexes. If you can't see a punch, you can't move, you know. I watched him for a month without saying anything. Nobody comes to a conclusion in this game quickly. But one day I told Bobo that if he was interested in fighting he should look me up after the war."

THE PARTNERSHIP JELLS

Bobo did, but the partnership did not really jell until 1951. In the intervening years Flaherty, who looks like a cross between a truck man and a dour Dublin pub poet (actually he's one-quarter Irish, one-quarter French and one-half German), had established himself in California and elsewhere as a shrewd, stubborn and honest boxing man. Olson had meanwhile turned professional in Honolulu under the direction of Herbert Campos, a local dairyman. In 1945-46 he had made one quick foray to the mainland, where he won seven fights for Flaherty, but he had

that damaged the Kid who subsequently alluded with claim of injured hand.

returned to the islands when Sid, with his blunt immovability, had resisted the pressure of the California Athletic Commission to overmatch him.

Campos had sent Bobo to the Philippines and Australia (where he lost to Dave Sands, the British Empire middleweight champion) and late in 1950 booked him against Sugar Ray Robinson in faraway Philadelphia. That was a mistake. Robinson knocked him out in the 12th round. The defeat and the pitifully small pay-off—\$1,066—sent Olson back to Honolulu wiser but hardly richer. Then Flaherty stepped back into the picture and invited Bobo to San Francisco and into his own household. Campos filed a suit, which is still pending, but Bobo had made his decision.

The "household" Olson had joined was and is unique in boxing. Like Bobo, who rode a few horses before he outgrew jockey pants and now has a full-blooded Arabian stallion which he canters along the San Francisco beachfront, Flaherty's first love is horsemanship, but the prize quarter horses on his San Martin ranch get no more loving care than he lavishes on his human stable. Flaherty's dollar-wise astuteness is a byword in the boxing business, but no one gainsays his manifold paternal generosity.

Flaherty had no intention, in the beginning, of managing so many fighters, but his postwar invasion of the field hurtled into a large enterprise in spite of his resolve. "Everyone has his weakness," he says. "Mine's a horrible one. I can't say no. Somebody keeps bringing me a kid all the time."

Most of Flaherty's current flock have been with him since their mid-teens. They came to him for all kinds of reasons—because they were broke, in

some temporary trouble or because they just wanted to fight. One of the best kids he has, a youngster Flaherty is sure will be a world's champ, telephoned one day.

"I wanna fight for you," said the kid.

"I don't need no more fighters," said Flaherty.

"I wanna fight for you," the kid said.

"Look," said Flaherty, "I got too many fighters."

The conversation went on in that vein for several minutes until Flaherty resignedly told the kid to come up to the gym. The kid said no, and insisted Flaherty come meet him in the park. So Sid went, and found the reason the kid, a Mexican, didn't want to come to the gym was that he was wearing shreds for clothing. Flaherty gave him some money and told him to report the next day. In a few months the boy was demonstrating a rare skill, and in a couple of years he was making \$50,000.

When Flaherty takes on a fighter, the first thing he does is register him with Local 860 of the A.F. of L. teamsters union in San Francisco. And when the boy is not fighting, Flaherty sees to it that he works. Olson has been no exception. He is still a registered member, even though he is a champion; and so is his trainer, Willie Wharton.

Flaherty has legally adopted half a dozen of his protégés, some of whom live with him in his seven-room apartment near the Golden Gate. "I don't know if they regard me as a father or a banker," says Sid, who is a bachelor. "All I know is they come to me for everything, from the price of a ticket to a show to the cost of their mothers' operations. Only thing I really mind is their waking me up at night to tell me of their conquests."

THE ACROBAT

By the time he came back to the West Coast to fight for Flaherty, Olson was married. While Bobo was learning to be a boxer, his tomboy neighbor, Helen Cavaco, had become an acrobat. When she was 17 she deserted the E.K. Fernandez Circus to become Mrs. Olson. With a family to support, fighting became the same all-important business for Bobo as for his manager, who drove him rigorously.

When Flaherty had first seen Olson, out in Hawaii, Bobo had tended to slap at his opponents instead of striking solid blows. Flaherty taught him to hit more directly, and harder, using his left as well as his natural right to jab and to strike for the tender spots around the liver in close infighting.

continued on page 49



They're waiting for the teacher **... maybe it's you!**

Ever think you might make a good teacher?

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BETTER SCHOOLS BUILD BETTER COMMUNITIES

"GUNNER GREAVES, SPECIAL CONSULTANT"

Perhaps you, too, have wondered what the big name pros do to earn their nongolfing income. This little legend offers an entertaining explanation

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE GOLFERS' HANDBOOK is a stocky volume published annually in Edinburgh which possesses such typically British characteristics as ads on the front and back covers and a cramped small-print format that has all the aesthetic charm of a timetable. A sort of golf equivalent of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, it can tell you just about anything you might want to know—who won the North China Championship in 1927, who holds the amateur record for the Gstaad course, who was the youngest player ever to make a hole-in-one, and so on. One of the few aspects of the game the editors have somehow overlooked is a brief entry that might be entitled "Extra-curricular Activities By Which Ranking American Pros Supplement Their Incomes," and I know just the man to contribute the paragraphs. He is a middle-aged chap, not an outstanding golfer himself, but when you talk of being close to golf—well, this fellow reminds you of the passage in that old Marx Brothers picture in which Groucho, dancing with the inveterate superstatuesque blonde who is urging him to hold her closer, closer, at length looks up at her and remarks, "If I move any closer, I'll be behind you."

A short time ago this sage was having lunch with a group of us who have never been as clear as we would like to be on just what are the services performed by name pros for which they are paid substantial fees by concerns that manufacture nongolfing products and wouldn't seem to require the services of a golfer any more acutely than the Metropolitan Museum. In explanation, our friend pointed out that a name pro, because of the influence he carries with ordinary mortals, is worth every cent he is paid as a retainer by, let us say, the distillers of Old Suspenders bourbon, if he regularly declares each and every time he is offered a drink at a country-club bar, "Thanks. I'll have some Old Suspenders with a

little branch water. What else?" Our friend then progressed to what he termed "a classic business liaison." It is a much more complicated arrangement and perhaps it can be best presented and savored if we begin at the beginning with a workable cast of characters.

MR. GOLF AND FRIEND

Say, then, that our pro in hand is Harland Greaves, a big convivial fellow out of Sioux Falls whom the press has christened "The Gunner" because he smashes his drives tremendous distances—"partridge high," as The Gunner likes to describe their low trajectory. After five years of campaigning on the circuit, The Gunner wins a major tournament and shortly afterward one of his many admirers, Orrin S. Magrail, the president of an Akron chemicals company, signs him up as a special consultant. Mr. Magrail has no nickname but his publicity men refer to him as "Mr. Golf," thus making him one of the 157 people in America who are claimants to that title.

One day in September, Magrail tele-

phones the Sioux Falls course where The Gunner is convalescing between tournaments by helping his assistant. Magrail asks him if he can be in Chicago over the coming weekend.

The time is now Friday evening; the place, Magrail's suite in a Chicago hotel where The Gunner has just finished giving him a lesson on how to play a shot from an unpreferred lie. Magrail pours himself a tumbler of Old Suspenders and brings The Gunner up to date on the events which prompted their reunion. Magrail, it seems, has been having his troubles with George Bisch, the vice president of a big Chicago packing outfit and the man who handles all purchasing, chemicals included. George Bisch is a hard man to see, let alone sell. On the previous Tuesday (just before he had phoned Sioux Falls), Orrin Magrail had attempted unsuccessfully to set up an appointment with Bisch for the latter part of the week. No go. Bisch had declared himself too busy and expected to be too busy the next week too. On arriving in Chicago that morning, Friday, Magrail had phoned Bisch again and had again been told no dice. Knowing Bisch, like most top-notch executives, to be an enthusiastic, hero-worshipping golfer, Magrail had then played his ace. "Look, George," he had said casually, "I'm in town with my old friend Gunner Greaves. I was wondering if we couldn't get together over the weekend for a spot of golf. I know the pro at Waterview, and we might have a little foursome match, The Gun and you against the pro and me. How about it?" The expected had happened. The prospect of playing a round with a famous pro had been more than



George Bisch could resist. He had phoned Magrill back in five minutes to announce in a new, roseate tone that he had been able to reshuffle his schedule, thanks for the invitation, the game was on, he hadn't been playing at all lately and not to expect too much from him, thanks again.

The scene shifts now to the Water-view course. It is Saturday afternoon and the select foursome is peregrinating happily from hole to hole. Not a word of business defiles the outing. The Gunner is smashing his drives partridge high, the home pro is clipping off a neat run of pars, Magrill is yakking about Sneed's secret, and Bisch, concentrate as he will, cannot buy a par for love or money. Whenever Bisch makes one of his rare mediocre shots, Gunner Greaves carefully calls across the fairway, "Nice hit, partner," or "That'll put the pressure on them, pard." Additionally, he diplomatically corrects Bisch's stance and drops little chunks of advice, such as the opinion that Bisch would be more accurate on the greens if he eliminated that Afro-Cuban dance step he habitually tosses in just before his clubhead strikes the ball.

MOMENT OF TRUTH

The team of Greaves and Bisch finishes the first nine in 34 which, oddly enough, is the exact score The Gunner has carded on his own ball. Greaves waits patiently for his opportunity to improve their relationship and on the 12th it finally comes. This is a short par 4, about 350 yards, and The Gunner's drive has left him with a 60-yard flip to the pin. As he walks to his ball, he notices that George Bisch's half-topped three-iron approach has glanced off a hummock and rolled 15 feet from the cup. Instantly Greaves realizes that this is what the bullfight crowd calls "the moment of truth." He drills his half-wedge over the green on the fly and into a trap. He recovers unimpressively and is down in two putts for a 5. Bisch, summoning all his skill, holes out in two shaky putts for his 4. "Thanks, partner," Greaves says to him with a sigh of relief. "That's coming through in the clutch."

The rest of the round is inconsequential. Greaves' final score is 69. That evening, after buying a mess of chemicals, Bisch arrives home and his wife asks him how he has played. "We won, 3 and 2," he carols. "Gunner Greaves and I teamed up for a 68. We dovetailed just perfectly. Orrin Magrill is the best chemicals man in the business but, you know, he's no golfer."

TIP FROM THE TOP



For golfers of all degrees of skill

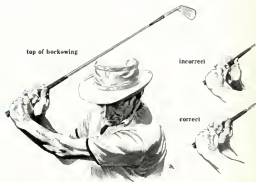
from **TOMMY ARMOUR**, pro at Boca Raton

I HAVE often wondered which was of the greater value, a good golf lesson or a good tip. Although I have taken hundreds of lessons, I have also received many tips of inestimable value. When I was playing at Winged Foot Golf Club recently with my friend Claude Harmon, who is the pro there, he gave me a really invaluable tip.

Claude is one of the most observant students of the game, as well as one of the finest teachers. I had not been living up to my newspaper reputation as the great iron player, and although I knew I was standing at the ball correctly, that my timing was good, and the groove of the club was good, I was still not hitting the ball properly. I could not seem to get the necessary punch into the shot. Hole after hole, I was short of the green. Not only was my game hurt, but so was my vanity. The alleged great iron player was not able to hit even a single good iron shot.

Then at lunch one day Claude said, "I know what you are doing, Tommy. Shall I tell you?" I said, "Please, Claude, please give it to me." He said, "You are separating your hands at the top of your backswing." Now that does not mean I was loosening my fingers, but as you will see by the illustration, my hands were not remaining in the same interrelated position where I started them. The separation made me snatch at the ball with my right hand, and instead of coming down with my hands ahead of the clubhead, they were actually behind it.

This is an extremely common fault. If your iron shots are not going out with their usual zip, I recommend that you check your hands at the top. It immediately cured my troubles, and I know it will help you.



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: CLAUDE HARMON ON ALIGNING THE GRIP

IN PHILADELPHIA NEARLY EVERYBODY LIKES GOLA

A senior at La Salle, Tom Gola is headed for his third straight All-America. Fame hasn't spoiled him and he's still a family boy

by **MILTON GROSS**

EACH week the *La Salle Collegian*, undergraduate newspaper of La Salle College, a Christian Brothers institution in the Olney section of Philadelphia, selects one of its students for the Explorer of the Week Award. The selection is based on athletic achievement and all but one among La Salle's 1,400 students are eligible.

The victim of the discrimination is Tom Gola. As a freshman, Gola led the La Salle basketball team to the National Invitation Tournament title in March, 1952. As a junior he took La Salle to the National Collegiate Athletic Association Championship last March. During these years he won the award so frequently that he has been permanently banned by the editors, who take the humane view that the rest of the students deserve a chance too.

Gola, an affable yet intense giant who exerts most of his efforts to vanishing into the ranks of the student body, is in total agreement. He is a loyal, serious citizen who loves his home and school and happens to enjoy playing basketball well. He would like to let it go at that, but he can't.

In a basketball sense he is as bemedaled and bespangled as a Graustarkian general. He has been called the best college basketball player in the country. Any number of college coaches insist he is the best who ever laced on a sneaker.

After watching Gola in one game during his freshman season, Joe Lapchick, one-time center of the Original Celtics and now coach of the New York Knickerbockers of the National Basketball Association, estimated that this 18-year-old whiz could move directly into any of the professional league's starting line-ups.

The two seasons which have passed scarcely have punctured Lapchick's balloonlike appraisal. Gola, who stands

6 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the court, has grown 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height since entering La Salle and immeasurably in stature. Unless calamity inexplicably strikes him, he will end his college career next June singularly honored by being one of few ever named to a majority All-America three times. Last year during the NCAA Tourney Gola was the only player chosen unanimously for the all-tourney team.

He has in different years been chosen the outstanding player to appear that season in New York's Madison Square Garden, Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium, San Francisco's Cow Palace, Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium, Philadelphia's Convention Hall and the University of Pennsylvania's Palestra.

CELEBRITY

Gola's awards have run into such numbers, in fact, that a measure of his celebrity has even reached into Wildwood, N.J., a seaside resort where Gola's family spends its summers. A rooming house on Oak Avenue owned by Jerry Bergin, a Philadelphia neighbor of the Golas, was renamed "NCAA (Nice, Clean, Airy, Accessible)" after La Salle won the championship at Kansas City.

On the surface, this may not sound important, but it is for a player who, despite national acclaim, has never lost the neighborhood touch. A virtual cult of Gola admirers has developed among basketball players, coaches, writers and fans. But Gola prefers playing with the kids in the playgrounds, church gyms and schoolyards of Philadelphia's Incarnation (Catholic) Parish, where he himself first learned to handle a basketball. This is just one more reason why Gola is about the most popular player in the city's history.

"Gola really is remarkable, not only as an athlete, but as a boy," said
continued on page 68



HIGH-BOUNCE Gola drives in for lay-up shot in 1953 win over St. Louis U.



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taking get-away. They are the safest, surest-stopping cars in America. They are engineered for the same unchallenged gas economy that gave Studebaker the most sweeping victories ever scored by any make of car in the Mobilgas Economy Run.

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PARSENN

A snowy paradise for the traveler who comes to ski, the Parsenn offers deep powder and steep pitches for the racer, easy runs for the novice, and a wide variety of virgin trails for the mountaineer

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL

In the Parsenn, a crescent-shaped range of peaks in German-speaking Switzerland, skiing is all that counts. The ski area—finest in the world—stretches across 150 snowy square miles, three-quarters of which are broad and open

slopes. It faces north, south, east and west, virtually guaranteeing a wide variety of snow conditions in different suns and seasons. Comfortable funiculars service the towering Weissfluhjoch and other peaks along the hump of the

massif. The trails themselves range from the vertical to the sensible, and around the edge of the crescent runs the Rhaetian Railway, always ready to take the skier back to the funicular where he can start all over again.



RUNNING UP from the Rhaetian Railway station at Davos to the lower terminal of funicular up the Parsenn, skiers scamper past a picturesque village church on their way to the top of the 8,735-foot Weissfluhjoch.

SWINGING DOWN through a fall of new powder snow, two experts link Christiania turns on the first pitch of a run from the Weissfluhjoch.



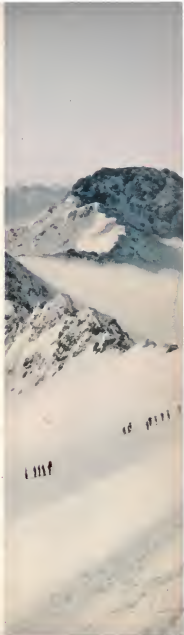


RIDING HIGH above the village of Klosters, skiers peer down from the windows of the cable car carrying them to the runs on the Gotschnagrät.

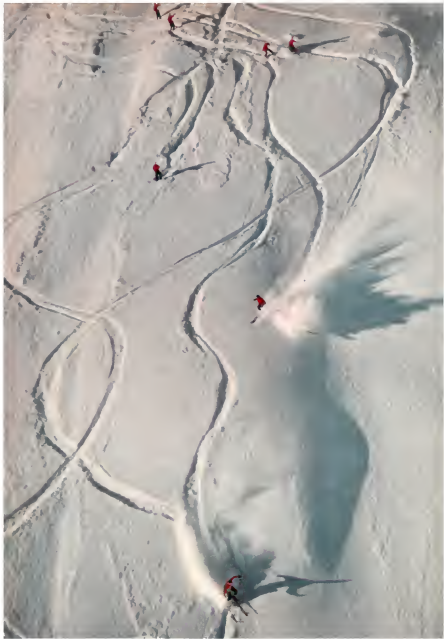


RESTING UP after the morning run, skiers make a noontime stop at the Wetschlujoch restaurant for Rosti mit Bratwurst, coffee and schnapps.

STARTING OFF behind their instructors, novices crowd together nervously before beginning their cautious snow-plows down the Höhenweg.







TIPS FOR PARSENN SKIERS

Frank and Mimi Lyon of La Jolla, California, have skied the Parsenn twice. Here's what they recommend you take and what is best to buy there

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL

SKI BOOTS: If you have a good pair, take them. If not, Heierling's in Davos-Platz makes some of world's best, handmade to order, \$40-\$45. Takes at least three days, but the Lyons sent plaster casts of their feet ahead and boots were ready when they arrived.

SKI PANTS: You'll need two pair. There is a fad for colored pants in Europe, but stick to gray and black unless you're expert. Red pants are earned, like spurs. Kaltenbrunner of Davos makes exceptional ski pants to order in three to four days, \$40-\$45.

SNIS: Head skis are the most sought after in Switzerland, just as in America. They're \$85 in the U.S., more in Europe. There are good skis available in the Parsenn at reasonable prices, and you can rent steel-edged skis, good boots and aluminum poles for \$1 a day anywhere in Switzerland.

BINDINGS: Take safety bindings with you. They're much safer to use and are hard to get in the Parsenn.

SKI WAX, SKINS: If you ever need skins, rent them on the spot. Waxes of all kinds are available in Switzerland.

POLES: If you bring U.S. skis, bring aluminum poles, too. They're better than most available in the Parsenn.

SOCKS: Three pair light-wool under-socks, three pair heavy-wool outer socks. Good ones available there.

UNDERWEAR: Two pair wool long handles—red, gray or white, plus short-sleeve V-neck wool tops for women, cotton T-shirts for men. Available in the Parsenn.

SHIRTS: One red and one yellow Lanelle shirt (washable wool and cotton) and colored button-down Oxford. Bring these from the U.S.

SWEATERS: Two hand-knit cable-stitch sweaters, preferably gray and black

for women; yellow and black for men. Good ones at Ettingers, Davos are about \$20. For after skiing, bring cashmere.

PARKA: Nylon-hooded parka is a must. Take with you, as U.S. nylon is best.

SCARVES: Two or three bright silk scarves to shield the throat while skiing. Available in the Parsenn for \$2 if you don't already have them.

CAPS: Two "fast" caps and one ski cap with visor for men and women. Bright colors are acceptable in scarves and caps even if you're a novice.

GOGGLES: You can either bring Air Force surplus polaroid goggles with rubber mountings and interchangeable lenses, or buy snow goggles there.

GLOVES: Two pair woolen inner mittens, two pair leather outer gauntlet mittens. Good selection at Davos.

KNAPSACK: Skiers in Switzerland carry necessities in a "faunny pack," strapped around the waist. Get this in Davos.

SUNGLASSES: Bring nonbreakable ones—for sunning, not for skiing. You can get all sorts of sun-tan oil there.

AFTER-SKI TIPS FOR GIRLS: Don't bring cocktail or evening dresses or high heels. Your dressiest outfit will best be a full skirt of bright wool or quilting, and a cashmere sweater. Take tapered slacks of corduroy or velveteen, wear them with bright blouses or sweaters—"the gayer the better." You will need flat play shoes, and fleece-lined after-ski boots. You'll also need a tailored topcoat, preferably fur-lined. All cosmetics are available in villages, but hotels supply neither soap nor facecloths. Bring your own; they're hard to find. Cotton flannel nightgowns and light-wool bathrobe also necessary. You're likely to have to parade down the hall to the bathroom.

AFTER-SKI TIPS FOR MEN: The most formal outfit a man needs is a tweed jacket, flannel slacks, shirt, tie and loafers—and the tie isn't necessary. He also needs pajamas, bathrobe, slippers, soap, washcloth, after-ski boots, and an overcoat, such as a camel's-hair duffel which is ideal.

continued on next page



Mimi Lyon bundles up in parka, goggles, mittens after downhill run.



Frank and Mimi Lyon, with instructor Max Bertsch, lead party to run.



Frank Lyon, in cable-stitch sweater, adjusts silk scarf against the wind.

RACING DOWN the almost vertical Gotschawang in snow that is dangerously close to the avalanching point, two skiers collide in a flurry of white far below the Klosters aerial cable car.

MORE TIPS FOR PARSENN SKIERS

MONEY: Take travelers checks—you can cash them anywhere at the rate of \$1 to 4.3 Swiss francs. Or hire a letter of credit. If you have lira or French francs, you can change them at railroad stations.

DRUGSTORE ITEMS: The little drugstore across the street from the Chesa Grischuna in Klosters has seven or eight brands of American shaving cream and toothpaste. Local newsstands have paper-backed books in English, current American magazines. There are Kodak signs on all of the camera stores and you can get all standard U.S. film—Ektachrome, Kodachrome—plus European and English film. U.S. cigarettes are available—cost about 60c per pack.

CUSTOMS: Swiss officials will stop you at the border and look at your passport—may even open it and look inside. You won't need jewelry in the Parsenn, but if you bring something fancy, register it with U.S. customs to save trouble when you re-enter the U.S. The same precaution goes for foreign-made cameras.

AUTOMOBILES: You can rent a car in the Parsenn for about 40 francs a day, but nobody does. If you're skiing you don't need one and if you want to make a side trip, let the cabbie worry about chains and frozen radiators.

LAUNDRY: In most places you can get laundry done nicely in a matter of hours. This helps cut down on the changes of clothes you have to bring with you.

RESERVATIONS: Make them well in advance and stick with them. Once the hotel confirms them, it can charge you for three days whether you show up or not.

ACCOMMODATIONS: There are about 70 sports hotels and pensions in Davos, about 30 in Klosters, and you can't go far wrong on any of them. They're all clean, and by U.S. standards, inexpensive. Once there, you can ski for a week, with room, board and transportation paid for as little as \$44, but that's cutting it close. At such hotels as Klosters' Chesa Grischuna—"the best little hotel in the world"—you can spend what the traffic will bear.



SKIER'S GUIDE TO THE PARSENN

REGULAR RUNS

- 3 Kletterberg
- 5a Riedertswald
- 5b Riedert
- 6a Kauterli
- 6b Sapp
- 7 Dettli
- 8a Stanzel
- 10 Stry
- 12 Schwabachwald Klosters
- 16 Son
- 17 Ruis
- 26 Gellingshof Schwabachwald
- 27 Coana Alp
- 27a Kauterli

BEGINNER RUNS

- 4 Sels
- 8 Kauterli
- 8a Grottsental
- 12 Welling
- 16 Hinters
- 25a Parsennbach
- 25 Senec

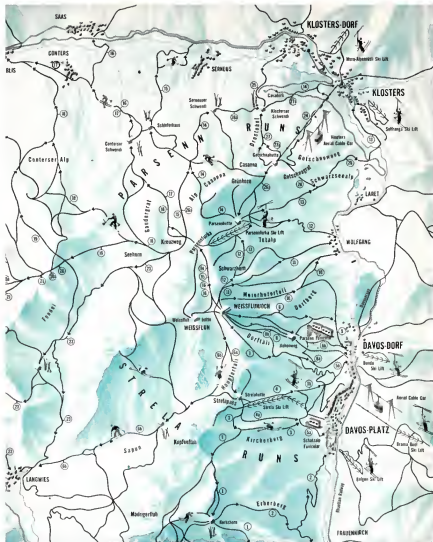
EXPERT

- 4a Guggstock
- 9 Gellings
- 13 Wiedertal
- 24 Gellingshof Stanzel
- 25 Gellings

TOURS	1	2	10	18
	29	25a	21	22

SKIER'S PARADISE IN EASTERN SWITZERLAND

The Parsenn, with its 27 listed trails, draws skiers like a giant magnet. From December to May, the funiculars and the cable cars are as jammed as a city subway, taking people up to the trails and slopes that spill down from the



Weissflühjoch, the Strelapass and the Gotschnagrat. But the touring skier can also spend an entire day on the Paresenn and hardly touch on a marked trail. He can, for example, hire a guide for the full day for \$10, take the 9:00

a.m. cable car from Klosters up the Gotschnagrat (upper right). Then he can strike out for Jenaz, 14 miles away (upper left), staying off in the deep, untouched powder snow, and returning to the trail only for a shot of *skirasser*

and a bite of *wurst* at one of the small mountain huts. Whichever route he picks, he is likely to feel as though he were traveling in a skier's dream country with perfect snow, perfect slopes and an easy ride back up the mountain.

HEALTH

SCHUSSING FOR A FALL

Of the thousands who start down a snow-covered slope, some will land in a doctor's office. But most often, it's the careless skier who becomes the injured skier

FROM THE MOMENT he puts on his skis," cautions famed Hannes Schneider, "the skier is on his own. He must watch constantly; he always has to keep control. Once he forgets and becomes intoxicated with speed, he's inviting an accident."

Hannes Schneider should know. During the past 50-odd years, *Skimister* Schneider, who has taught skiing and himself skied probably as much as any man alive, has only had one crack-up—and that wasn't on a downhill run. It was while climbing up an icy mountainside, thinly crusted over with snow, that he slipped and broke his hip.

This weekend, Schneider and thousands of other skiers will take to the hills. For most, it will be a gala excursion. But some hapless few may find it a shattering experience. For out of every 2,000 skiers who go up with great expectations, 10 will have to be tobogganed down with a sprained ankle, dislocated knee or fractured leg.

Of the 4,100 injuries last season which required immediate medical aid, half of them involved headstrong skiers who tried speeds beyond their control and attempted terrain beyond their ability. Another 11% needlessly jumped or fell from a ski lift or tow. Contrary to the best cartoons and jokes, the man who helplessly ploughed into a tree or a pile of rock was relatively rare.

The expert may take his share of spills, but three times out of four the man who winds up in a doctor's office has never taken a lesson. Skiing is one sport which you cannot master all by yourself, principally because the the-

ory fights most of our basic instincts. For example, you must lean *down* the mountain instead of back *against* it as when walking or climbing. And to turn, you lean over your downhill ski when everything in you says to hug the hillside. If you don't take lessons in golf the worst that can happen is that you play a lousy game. But if you don't take lessons in skiing, you may end up in a cast.

The witching hour for skiers is between two and four. For the snow, melted by the noonday sun, is starting to freeze again, and the afternoon shadows hide bare spots and small but treacherous bumps and gullies. Moreover, after schussing, a skier's legs, still unconditioned this early in the season, become fatigued, and his reflexes, numbed by the cold, fail in the clutch. All too often "just one more run" turns into "let me tell you about my accident. . . ."

Considering the risk involved in plummeting down a snow-covered slope at breakneck speed on a pair of slender slats, and considering too the legion of seasoned veterans and intrepid beginners who eagerly chance this risk as often as possible, the amazing fact is that the number of skiing mishaps remains so low.

FIRST AID ON SLOPES

Credit for keeping the toll down belongs to the National Ski Patrol System, the first-aid corps of the slopes. Started 16 years ago by a handful of eastern sportsmen, the NSP now patrols every major ski area in the U.S. Each of its 4,000 members are

volunteers (a few trails also have paid patrolmen) whose goal is: "To work toward greater safety and thus greater enjoyment in the sport of skiing."

To qualify to wear the distinctive rust parka and blue-and-orange shoulder patch of the patrol, each man and woman must take a minimum of 40 hours in first-aid and winter-safety courses, then pass a rugged skiing and sled-rescue test. They must also re-qualify each year by taking a refresher course of at least six hours before beginning a new season.

During the season, a patrolman sets out early to "break trail" at the ski centers, mark off safe areas and check caches of medical supplies. During the day, he skis the slopes, ready to treat or prevent any accident. At nightfall, he "sweeps the trail," checking to make sure that all stragglers are safely off the tow and slope.

Nonetheless, it's up to the individual skier to make skiing safe for himself. There are some precautions; all of them add up to "take it easy." On the slope, ski within your ability and in control. It's best to ski in pairs. Avoid curves that don't allow enough room to swing a turn to a dead stop. Give the right of way to skiers running downhill. And always heed the cry of "track."

Just in case you don't trust the other guy—or yourself—\$10 can buy a skier an NSP ski accident policy with up to \$500 coverage. And in five states this year, the American Progressive Health Insurance Co. offers insurance by the day (\$2) and weekend (\$4), with benefits up to \$1,000. Like air insurance, you can sign up before starting up.



SKI PATROLMAN in action at Stowe, Vt. tends the fractured wrist of a weekend skier, her only mishap in three years of skiing.

CO=corn snow; GR=granular; PO=powder; IC=icy condition; HP=hard-packed snow; W=wet; HB=hard base; SB=soft base; NS=new snow; BC=breakable crust; BS=bare spots; CL=trail or slope closed; DC=dangerous condition; EC=unbreakable crust.

A late roundup of snow conditions in America from a picked group of local skiers

Skilling conditions are best in northern New England, northern California and in most of the Rockies. More snow is needed in the southerly areas.

NEWARK, N.J., BRITISH COLONIAL: Recent heavy snowfalls have disrupted overall situa-

at N. VALLEY, Idaho. The snow depths are growing steadily with 18 in. Baby. Good conditions on both Baby and Dollie. Road from Shoshone is closed.

nope so, apr. 10-12 new snow last week melted in 36-plus temps. A good freeze and 4-12 NWS is needed but not anticipated.

marking: With blue water on close at Annapolis charter boats are averaging seven or eight strikes and three or four fish hooked, one marlin hooked last week.

CALIFORNIA: Things are jerking up at Havasu and Mohave lakes, and below Parker Dam but most action comes at midday and big bass are in deep water.

BAHAMAS: Flycatcher Feed Laboratory of Rud-
 ney, P., still has some arms after taking 11 hours

WHITEFACE MT.: 2 Pkgs on S. 10 parked GR. Fair weather. 2000 ft. above 10000 ft. wooded.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

[illegible]

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

FG—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor. **OG**—outlook good; **OP**—outlook poor.

WASHINGTON. Puget Sound River producing lots of steelhead in 10-pound class. Green River near EC, OR. Olney Peninsula rivers now fishing well with Quinalt, Humpulps and Queen steel lots.

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What the PROS say!

"You have done an excellent job. You have covered the field thoroughly. The photography is excellent."

WARREN C. GILES—President
National League

"This magazine presents the sports picture in a unique manner, and, in my opinion, should satisfy the demand for coverage of all sporting events in one publication that a tremendous number of sports-minded people of this country have been seeking."

HANK GREENBURG—General Manager
Cleveland Indians

"The American sports scene has seen some amazing accomplishments in the past few years. However, the four-minute mile and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have made the greatest impact on the public in 1954."

MAX WINTER—General Manager
Minneapolis Lakers

"After reading every article . . . I wish to express my pleasure and to congratulate you. . . The arrangement of articles, illustrations, opportunities for instruction, and wide coverage of sports are exceptionally good."

PHILLY C. ROGERS—Secretary
U. S. Lawn Tennis Assn.

"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED supplies much vital, unique, and entertaining material."

TOM WHITLEY—WBRC-TV Sports Director,
Birmingham, Alabama

"Having followed all sports closely for some forty years I wish to congratulate you and your organization for putting together such an outstanding magazine."

"That there has been a need for one has been well known. That you have succeeded in creating such a very fine one comes as a pleasant surprise, one that will be well received by sports lovers in every category."

FRANCIS D. OLIMAT,
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

"I have enjoyed each issue thoroughly and think that you have reached just the proper balance of factual reporting, well-chosen pictures, amusing fiction, and accurate and complete sports results. I intend to save my complete file, and over the years it will be invaluable statistically."

JOHN REID KILPATRICK
Madison Square Garden

"I'm not one to make comparisons, but I do know what I like. I have enjoyed each issue of SI. It is a high-class, well-planned publication. Everyone interested in any kind of sport should find much of interest in every issue. My fellow Tennesseean, Herman Hickman, is doing his usual swell job."

HENRY R. (Red) SANDERS
Head Football Coach, UCLA

"It is impossible to comment adequately on the magazine as a whole and do it justice, but two things do stand out in my mind—first, there is about 50% more in each issue than I expected there to be, and each article, no matter what the subject, is interesting; second, you are going to do a lot to expand participation in many sports because you make them sound like so much fun!"

W. H. DAY,
Pacific International Yachting Assn.,
Vancouver, B. C.

"Took liberty to quote a bit from your nice issue as I have been writing a Kansas trotting saga. Will look forward to seeing some more issues. Well got up."

PETE LIGHTNER—Sports Editor,
Wichita Eagle

"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED definitely is nobody's baby. It was born grown up!"

JOHNNY ERP—NBC Sports Editor,
Chicago

"Boy, I'm really impressed. What a book! It is without doubt the finest sports publication that I have ever come across."

KEN MCKENZIE—Publicity Director
National Hockey League

"You have most expertly, handsomely and interestingly captured the great outdoors and put it in words and pictures. In addition to making the world of sports more interesting to all practitioners of sports, I am certain your magazine will be responsible for making more sportsmen and sportswomen out of spectators."

THOMAS R. ROONEY—Manager,
National Sports & Boat Show,
San Francisco, Calif.

W. W. Holman, Advertising Director

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

FAREWELL TO A SPORTSMAN

Death ends the career of Fred Miller, a most loyal son of Notre Dame

The wire service report was short and impersonal:

Milwaukee, Dec. 17 (AP)—Frederick C. Miller, prominent brewer and sportsman, died tonight after a plane crash. His son, Frederick C. Miller, Jr., and the pilot and co-pilot were killed in the crash. Mr. Miller was captain of the 1928 University of Notre Dame football team and president of the Miller Brewing Company here.

For Notre Dame fans, for Milwaukeeans, for anyone who had ever known him, it was hard to accept the fact that Fred Miller was dead. This was the Fred Miller who was called "Notre Dame's No. 1 fan," who had done so much to bring the Boston Braves to Milwaukee, who had sparked the tremendous growth of the Miller Brewing Company after World War II. He had always been a very lucky man.

With a wealthy lumberman as father and a brewery heiress as mother, he was born with a pair of silver spoons in his mouth. He grew up to be big, handsome, muscular and intelligent. As an acquaintance once put it, "If there is anything a man could want that Fred Miller hasn't got, he can buy it."

Miller, who was 48 when he died, had been a Notre Dame enthusiast since his prep school days, when he, like a lot of other promising athletes, was taken there for a look at the campus. He met Knute Rockne and was so impressed that he decided he would rather be a scrub at Notre Dame, if necessary, than a star anywhere else. On the Notre Dame freshman squad he started out as a fullback, but Rockne switched him to tackle. He went on to become captain of the team and All-American in his senior year.

He was only an average alumni enthusiast until 1946 when Head Coach Frank Leahy, who had been his understudy at left tackle, returned to Notre Dame from Naval service. Miller flew down one fine day to watch practice.

As Leahy tells it, "He looked as if he hadn't gained a pound since graduation. I said, 'Freddie, you look in such wonderful shape that you ought to be out here helping us.' " Within a matter of minutes Miller had put on a uniform and was indeed out there helping. After

that he flew to South Bend to work with the linemen three afternoons a week, winding up on Friday and staying over for the game on Saturday.

One thing that all practicing coaches know is that football changes so rapidly that yesterday's Einstein is today's ignoramus. Miller, had he been less discerning, might easily have become a nuisance to the Notre Dame squad. In his 18 years away from football, the game had changed considerably. Fortunately, Miller realized this and tried hard and humbly to catch up with modern methods. As Leahy has said, "When I was explaining a play, Freddie was always the most attentive man in the room."

A CAPACITY FOR LOYALTY

But his real value came in other ways. Miller soon became psychological and spiritual adviser to the players, especially those who were discouraged or homesick. According to Leahy, "He had a tremendous capacity for loyalty; he idealized the very soil that Notre Dame rests on. That amazing loyalty just oozed out of him and into the players. I could feel it myself. He always seemed to give me a little added strength, a little extra feeling of confidence." He also served, on the hectic weekends when the old grads descended, as Leahy's personal public relations man and social secretary. And during games he walked up and down the sidelines with Leahy, patiently recording in a notebook every observation that Leahy made on the play. Between halves he read back his notes—as possibly the world's richest stenographer—while Leahy expanded on them for the benefit of the players.

Miller was a good friend of Notre Dame's new coach, Terry Brennan. One of the classic Miller stories concerns the time he flew home to Milwaukee after a preseason practice game at South Bend in 1946. He took Brennan and Fred Kosikowski, who were varsity players then, with him. They flew into bad weather near Milwaukee, turned back towards South Bend, ran into a terrific thunderstorm and finally landed, gasoline almost gone, in a tree-



studded field. Miller was the father of eight children and a devoted family man, but when he was asked later how he had felt during his ordeal, he said, "I kept thinking, Coach Leahy will kill me if I get these two stars of his injured. I'll ruin the season."

But though he was a friend of Brennan's, when Leahy retired, Miller in a sense retired too. He still saw all the games, occasionally worked out with the team and retained his place as Notre Dame's most avid fan, but his days as a volunteer coach were over. His thoughts turned more and more to baseball. It was rumored that he might buy the Milwaukee Braves, and he voiced very definite and very optimistic ideas on the future of baseball.

An earnest, devout man, Miller was deeply concerned with the welfare of the player. He hired professional baseball and football players for public relations work for the Miller company and talked enthusiastically about the advantages the program had for the players as well as for the company.

Miller made a habit of looking out for the welfare of other people. When his plane crashed last week he was thrown clear, though his leg was broken and he was burned over much of his body. A man who saw the crash rushed to the wreck and moved to help Miller.

"My God, don't bother about me," Miller shouted. "There are three others in the plane."

—ERNEST HAVEMANN



THE LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT

ONCE UPON A TIME, during the Middle Ages, a young nobleman courtier of Belgium went into the forest of Ardennes, as he often did, to hunt. His reputation as a fearless and skilled huntsman was second to none, but this day he searched the forest for many hours before he sighted his first stag. Suddenly it stood before him—a magnificent creature, bearing a crucifix in its antlers. The young nobleman was so moved by this heavenly manifestation that he immediately renounced his worldly pursuits and entered a monastery. He later rose to a great eminence in the church, and since his death in 727 A.D. has been venerated as St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters. Albrecht Dürer's beautiful engraving (left) records the awesome moment of his vision.

SPORT IN ART

THE SPORTS BAY



A magnificent window in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is dedicated to the sportsman saint, St. Hubert

GLLOWING WITH translucent brilliance in gemlike colors, a 25-foot-high stained-glass window in a small, shadowy bay of the superb Gothic cathedral of the Episcopal diocese of the City of New York (left) pays a tribute to ecclesiastical art to the world of sport. Its eight large medallions contain Biblical characters engaged in celebrated feats of strength and courage (see page 48). The lesser medallions depict the modern sports of bowling, auto racing, swimming, figure skating, sculling, tobogganing, sailing and bicycling. Vignettes along the sides show other figures of young modern athletes. Done in the great tradition of 13th century French stained glass, the window rises above a small altar, near which the names of sports' immortals will be graven in stone.





ESAU THE HUNTER and Jacob wrestling with the Angel are shown in this large detail of the lower half of left lancet of the great sports window in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Small medallions show (from bottom): bowling, auto racing, swimming. Clockwise (from lower left) vignettes are of boxing, ice hockey, baseball, basketball, football.

Flaherty also taught him to follow an opening with a quick barrage of punches to the chest and midriff and then, when a man's eyes started rolling, to the head. Olson learned these lessons well, though daylight can still be seen occasionally between his thumb and the rest of his glove.

NINE 2Y KNOCKOUT

In the summer of 1951 Bobo defeated Chuck Hunter, Charlie Cato and Bobby Jones. October of 1951 brought a second fight with Dave Sands, the rough Australian. Bobo lost to Sands again, as he had done in Sydney, but it proved the turning point in his career. It convinced him that he had to be a more aggressive fighter.

In 21 fights since, Olson has been the victor in all but one, the second Robinson battle, and nine of his wins have been by knockouts. In June, 1953, in the American final of the elimination contest for a new titleholder to succeed the retired Robinson, Olson trimmed Paddy Young, and in October he gave Randy Turpin, the heavy-hitting Britisher, a severe trouncing to gain the world title.

In the role of champion Bobo has impressed many observers as surly and morose. It's true that some of Flaherty's personality has touched him, the manager's dour methodicalness above all. "I was an old man long before my time," says Sid. "I guess it rubs off." Even though Flaherty clamps down on publicity for Bobo and often has him tied to his paternal apron strings, Olson has become one of the most popular champions, especially with kids. Any smarm-faced boy on the block who gives him the big idolatrous hello will get a winning smile where an older man will get a natural Kalihi grunt.

Olson has become as much of a fussy-budget homebody as his manager, with more of a home to go to. When he fights away from San Francisco he invariably catches a plane for the West Coast with the grease still on his face. In his new 12-room house in Burlingame, he will follow a bout with prolonged play with his kids, Carl Jr., 7, Vincent Haywood, 5, Brenda Lee, 4, and Arthur Donald, 1.

His hobbies are few. He plays checkers and collects bebop. His ear for jazz stirs his feet, which are as nimble out of the ring as in. Like Flaherty, who won't even allow his close friends to come to his apartment, Olson avoids guests and keeps his phone number

unlisted. Except for teaching his two older boys how to box, Bobo says, "When I go home, I want to forget about fighting."

Occasionally, however, particularly when he is eating—which is when Bobo is happiest ("They talk about the Seven Wonders of the World," he says, "but the first is food")—he will relax and speak of his past. And when he does it is without either shame or bravado.

"I had it rough, all right," he says, in his soft-breeze island accent, a peculiar blend of his father's Swedish-American and his mother's Portuguese-Hawaiian speech, annealed on Kalihi's streets. "See how I talk? I only went to the eighth grade. Now I gotta get educated." When Bobo is at ease, he likes to joke, about himself as much as anyone, and when he draws a laugh it's like winning a round. Grinning, he'll nudge a friend, feeling his way to acceptance, and will say with a wink, "See, I got—whaddya call it?—personality! I'm a very likeable fellow."

THE MONASTIC APPROACH

A week before a fight, even a local one, Bobo kisses his wife and kids goodbye and moves in with Flaherty. Once again he becomes just another member of Sid's humble flock, washing his share of the dishes, waiting in line for chow or for a shower, binding his own hands, and rooming with one of the newest additions to the stable. There is a monastic quality to a Flaherty training setting which the manager's drab clothes, always including a button-up gray sweater, accentuates. Everything

is on a subdued plane, conversation allowed above all. An occasional movie is allowed, but more often Sid and his boys will retire to their own private corners, to read or watch television. Flaherty has no interest in any sport but boxing. He has seen one football game and half a minor league baseball game in his life. Someone once called him the Branch Rickey of boxing, and, in all seriousness, Flaherty blandly asked, "Who's Rickey?" In fact, the two men are somewhat alike in bearing. If Rickey is deaconesque, Flaherty is sextonish.

Olson approves of these quiet pre-bout surroundings, and of Flaherty's dictum against prima donna treatment for him as a champion. "That's how it should be," says Bobo, "I'm no special type."

"How long are you going on fighting, Bobo?" the visitor asks.

Bobo grins. "Depends," he says.

"Depends on what?" says the visitor.

"On the loot," says Bobo.

To an extent, of course, it will now also depend on Flaherty's relations with his new partner, Mr. Norris. To just what extent will be a matter of considerable interest, particularly to those who love boxing as a clean sport in which man and muscle and heart decide the issue. Under the terms of his contract with Norris, Sid has the right to say yes or no to his sometime sidekick on projected bouts. The time and the manner in which he exercises this right of veto may be somewhat less predictable than that of Jacob Malik in the United Nations—but no less interesting and important for the boxing world.



THE OLSON FAMILY never misses—but never attends—one of Bobo's fights. Here, before the TV screen, his mother, his

wife and the four Olson children exhibit alarm as Randy Turpin scores in fight Bobo subsequently won for middleweight title.

AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA . . .



EDDIE ERDELATZ earned his place among today's most gifted coaches by beating Earl Blakk's Army team in four of the five years he has been at the Navy's helm. His five-year record now reads: 23-19-4.



NAVY

SUGAR

BOWL

MISSISSIPPI



JOHN VAUGHT, a native of Texas and All-America guard at TCU in 1932, has been Rebel coach since 1947. The position is his as long as he improves on a record which now lists 56 Ole Miss wins, 29 losses and five ties.

GEORGE WELSH, **BOB CRAIG**, **RON SEAGLE** (see opposite page).

JOE GATTUSO (36), fb: As Dick Gustin's (30) sub in Army game he was outstanding on both offense and defense, winning starting role. Excellent runner, a fiery player.

JOHN WEAVER (16), lb: Not especially fast, but still a deceptive, dangerous runner. Great pass-defense man.

WILSON WHITMIRE (58), c: Turned in his best showing against Army. Usually an average blocker, but can be blocked.

PHIL MONAHAN (33), rfb: Captain, has missed much play because of injuries, but is ready again. Able defender, he is fast on offense with lots of drive.

LEN BENZI (64), lg: Able and quick, he likes to shoot to either side of center, espe-

cially on passing situations. Good blocker, hits high.

ALEX ARONIS (61), rg: Like Benzi, he is very fast and a good blocker. Does a good job backing up left side. On offense he is aggressive, hard to get around.

JOHN HOPKINS (77), lt: Better than average blocker. On defense he plays off line and charges across hard, usually hitting high. Reacts well.

JIM ROYER (71), rt: Strong blocker but has lapses and can be blocked offensively. Has acquired better reaction since Notre Dame gained through him.

BILL SMITH (81), re: Like Royer, has profited from opponents' traffic to the right side, and is now a good defensive end. Can also be pretty rough offensively.



WELSH



WEAVER



WHITMIRE



BENZI



HOPKINS



SEAGLE



GATTUSO



CRAIG



MONAHAN



ARONIS



ROYER



SMITH



DAY



MUIRHEAD



REED



SHEPHERD



WEISS



HARRIS



MCCOOL



PATTON



MCINERNEY



JAMES



ADAMS



DREWRY

EAGLE DAY, **ALLEN MUIRHEAD**, **REX REED** (see opposite page).

BOBBY MCCOOL (42), fb: Runs wide well, but doesn't like to run up the middle. Has tendency to fumble when hit hard. Not a good defensive player.

JIMMY PATTON (24), lb: Good all-around back who can carry well, receive passes and has speed to go all the way. On defense he is more than adequate.

BOBBY MCINERNEY (53), c: Not as strong as he looks, but moves quickly. Likes to mix it up, especially on defense. Was tossed out of Memphis State game.

PAIGE COTTHREN (40), fb: Subs for McCool, and they like to give him the ball when he is in. A hard runner, but not very fast. Also kicks off and converts.

RAY JAMES (65), lg: Only average offen-

sively and defensively, and not too tough to handle. Plays left inside linebacker on defense.

ARCHIE SHEPHERD (61), rg: Usually blocks low on offense. Will play on the center's nose defensively and rushes hard when pass shown. Plays hard, rough.

DICK WEISS (73), lt: Big and strong, but on his season play not yet a finished performer. Sometimes slow in rushing passer and in pursuit.

GEORGE HARRIS (83), lc: A fine end who receives well and rushes the passer hard. Will split duty with **Bob Adams** (82), who is just about as good.

BOB DREWRY (81), rt: Probably the best pass receiver. Good at blocking but awkward defensively. His sub, **Dave Dickerson** (38), is also a good receiver.

NUMBERS TO WATCH

NAVY

GEORGE WELSH, QB

Great day against Army has probably given him more confidence. Directs the team with poise, imagination. Old takes on the option, confirm the defense.



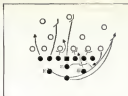
BOB CRAIG, RB

Extremely fast and will go all the way if not gang-tackled. Moves and reacts well to all situations. Still has slight tendency to fumble. Good receiver.



KON BEAGLE, LE

On almost everyone's All-America list, he is an outstanding fullback and pure mauler on rushing the passer—as Army found out. Agile and fast, he can catch, too.



NAVY'S WELSH (11) operates option, to the right or left. In play to right he fakes to Craig (44), then moves towards defensive left end. And must go for Welsh or Weaver (16) running side. Whichever way he goes he's wrong, as Welsh decides to jink out or keep himself and go inside the end.

1954 SEASON

W-L-T-F

12	Wm. & Mary	0
02	Dartmouth	7
20	Stanford	6
18	Pittsburgh	20
02	Pennsylvania	6
0	Notre Dame	6
40	Duke	7
01	Columbia	6
27	Army	20
103	Opponents	73

TEAM STRENGTH

NAVY

UNTIL the Army game Navy's attack had usually been sufficient—but not particularly explosive. The victory over Army was full of daring, dangerous and well-conceived tactics, which make the Middles difficult to defeat. Quarterback Welsh uses his flankers to good effect, tending to keep the opposition defense off balance. The team is still primarily an outside running club, but Welsh's passing, particularly his short throws, is most effective. Defensively, Navy favors the 3-4-2 and the 5-2-2-2. The pass defense is mostly man-to-man and well executed. And, like all Erdelatz-coached squads, this team tackles hard and its downfield blocking is superb. To take home a Sugar Bowl victory Navy will principally have to stop Mississippi's passing game. The Rebels' only defeat came when Arkansas stopped them in the air. Despite a good defensive record, especially against passing (only 87.8 yards average per game), Navy can lose by missing assignments just once.

MISSISSIPPI

EAGLE DAY, QB

One of the leading offensive players of the season, he will throw nearly half the time he's in. Doubles everything unless he has to. Erratic when rushed hard.



ALLEN MUIRHEAD, RB

Dangerous all the time, fast, shifty and they call on him inside the 10. Best play in the backfield but he also covers kicks well and is a good pass receiver.



REX REED BOGGAN, RT

One of the top men in the Southeastern Conference. Former All-Service Western defense man and especially tough on play run directly at him.



1954 SEASON

W-L-T-F

04	N. Texas State	33
20	Kentucky	0
02	Villanova	0
22	Vanderbilt	7
14	Tulane	7
0	Arkansas	0
21	LSU	6
01	Memphis State	0
20	Houston	0
10	Miss. State	0
103	Opponents	47



OLE MISS pass pattern against box defense. Erle Harris (83) and Drewry (81) go straight, then Blair out, forcing defensive backs to go with them. Halfback Patton (24) goes down deep into middle where he is clear. Quarterback Day (19) gets good protection, giving receivers time to get downfield.

MISSISSIPPI

THE Rebels, although a capable running club from the split T which Coach John Vaught introduced in 1948, were this season primarily a passing team. They ranked fourth in the country in the air—and fifth in total offense, just behind Navy. At the same time Ole Miss led the nation's major teams in total defense—a department in which the Middles finished ninth. The Mississippi air attack is directed by Quarterback Eagle Day, who completed 40 out of 85 passes for a total of 879 yards and four TDs. Day has shown a preference for carrying the ball only when absolutely necessary, and the brunt of the Ole Miss running game is carried by Muirhead, McCool and Patton. Some opponents reported that Day's completions suffer significantly when he is rushed hard. On the whole, the club has size, speed and good reserves. Admittedly, the Rebels have not struggled through as representative a schedule as did Navy, but nonetheless they allowed 10 rivals a total of only seven touchdowns. This certainly deserves to be called a good team—possibly a great one.

continued on next page

AT DALLAS, TEXAS...



BOBBY DODD is rounding out a full decade as the Yellow Jacket coach. In this span he has acquired an 81-26-2 record, has also seen Tech win all five of the Bowl games in which he has been at the team's helm.



GEORGIA TECH

COTTON

BOWL

ARKANSAS



BOWDEN WYATT, former All-America end at Tennessee, has been the Razorbacks' miracle man, winning the Southwest Conference title in his second year. His boys gave their all, he gave them an 11-9-0 two-year total.

WADE MITCHELL, **PAUL ROTHENBERRY**, **HENRY HARR** (see opposite page).

JOHNNY NUHSINGER (42), fb: Best all-round fullback. Only a fair runner, but he is a fine blocker and an exceedingly talented linebacker.

JOHNNY MENER (10), rbb: Fast but not powerful, best on running plays outside. Good on pass defense, fair tackler. The team's leading kicker.

LARRY MORRIS (55), c: All-America in 1953, hampered some by knee injury this year. Diagnoses plays smartly, tackles fiercely. Fine team leader.

JIMMY THOMPSON (28), rbb: A small but tough package, has averaged 9.4 yards per carry. Is their biggest threat for explosive, long breakaway runs.

FRANKLIN BROOKS (60), lg: Best interior lineman, a 50-minute man. He is aggressive, not big but very fast.

BILL FULCHER (62), rg: A small ball of fire with real desire. Great downfield blocker, often slides on defense and can be driven back if fooled.

CARL VEREEN (76), lt: A shot-put champ who has looked good and bad. Has hard initial charge, but still lacks mobility and sustaining drive.

ORLANDO ANDERSON (73), rt: Plays well on line, blocks well. He is not a dangerous pass or punt rusher.

JIMMY GURNHAM (88), le: Big asset both ways, he lacks speed on long passes but is dangerous on the short ones. A better blocker than a lot of ends.



MITCHELL



ROTHENBERRY



L. MORRIS



BROOKS



VEREEN



GURNHAM



NUHSINGER



MENER



THOMPSON



FULCHER



ANDERSON



HARR



CARPENTER



WALKER



FORD



ROBERTS



BRADFORD



MATTHEWS



MOORE



THOMASON



BENSON



BROOKS



ROTH



MCFADDEN

PRESTON CARPENTER, **GEORGE WALKER**, **BUD BROOKS** (see opposite page).

HENRY MOORE (30), fb: Makes their tough yardage, especially with dive right over the line and the fullback "draw." Good blocker. Is defensive right half.

JOE THOMASON (26), rbb: Will run the reverses very well, and is an able pass receiver. A fair blocker, he has developed into a very good tackler.

JERRY FORD (55), c: A hustling lineman with plenty of speed. Good on pass defenses, this sophomore is also rounding into a better than average blocker.

BUDDY BENSON (45), lbb: Fastest man on the squad, he likes to fake the off-tackle play and run wide to use his speed. Can pass well and quick kicks.

WAYLAND ROBERTS (68), lg: A good block-

er who pulls and leads many plays. Improved the caliber of his defensive play as the season progressed.

EDDIE BRADFORD (75), lt: Quick, agile and aggressive. A fine blocker who has helped the draw trap play work so well. Switches to left guard on defense.

JIM ROTH (67), rt: Bigger than Bradford, and plays a lot like him. Is defensive right guard and is particularly good at rushing the passer.

WALTER MATTHEWS (89), le: Best pass receiver on both long and short throws. Seems entirely recovered from some early season injuries.

JERRY MCFADDEN (51), re: Improving, but as yet only a fair receiver who is not too fast. Natural blocking ability is at the moment his chief asset.

NUMBERS TO WATCH

GEORGIA TECH

WIDE MITCHELL, QB

A hot and cold passer, he prefaces a running game, but will pass when least expected. Good carrier on an optional run or pass. Is a fine defensive safety man.



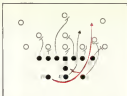
PAUL ROTHENBERRY, LHB

Has speed and drive and runs well on the "belly" play. Shares most of the carrying with Hunsinger, Thompson and Humphreys (44), has averaged 6.8 yards.



HENRY HAIR, RE

Best end and a great spot receiver who will take ball away from defenders. He has caught 24 passes for 270 yards and four T.D.s. Also very strong on defense.



GEORGIA TECH'S bread-and-butter play has Quarterback Mitchell (11) faking hand-off to Fullback Hunsinger (42), "riding" with him and then handing off to Halfback Rothenberry (21), who cuts inside the end. Key blocks are thrown by the Right End Hair (82) and Right Halfback Menger (10).

1954 SEASON

W, L, T, O

26	Tulane	0
12	Florida	11
10	SMU	7
10	LSU	20
14	Auburn	7
6	Kentucky	11
20	Duke	21
20	Tennessee	7
20	Alabama	0
7	Georgia	3
174	Opponents	81

TEAM STRENGTH

GEORGIA TECH

THE Yellow Jackets have long been noted for their cleverness, fast backs and alert linemen. This team may not be one of Coach Dodd's greatest but, like his others, it can be very dangerous at the end of the season, and particularly in Bowl play, where Tech over the years has won eight of 10 games. The offense is usually from a straight T and relies heavily on sweeps and the surprise of a "belly" series. Opponents can often expect a pass when the end and halfback are split out, or flanked, as wide as 10 yards. Mitchell's characteristic quarterbacking is to hammer at a defensive weakness, then switch to a clever check or counterplay. Any of the backs can go all the way. Mitchell and his sub, **Bill Brigman** (18), will mix in enough passing to keep the opposition guessing. Defensively Tech will vary from a four-man to eight-man line, with quick shifting before the ball is snapped. The pass defense is not as tight as in many former seasons but is adequate.

ARKANSAS

PRESTON CARPENTER, QB

A favorite receiver on the running pass and often a decoy on the draw plays. One of the team's best blockers and particularly effective as a linebacker.



GEORGE WALKER, LHB

Unusual passer for a sophomore, he does it all well: calls signals, passes, punts and quick-kicks. The safety man on defense, he returned a Rice punt 73 yards.



BUD BROOKS, RC

Made several All-America teams by his spectacular play. Leaves "home" often, giving him plenty of tackles, but sometimes leaving his position open.



1954 SEASON

W, L, T, O

44	Tulsa	0
20	TCU	11
20	Baylor	20
20	Texas	7
6	Mississippi	0
14	Texas A & M	7
20	Rice	10
14	SMU	21
6	LSU	7
10	Houston	0
120	Opponents	50



ARKANSAS POWER PLAY from single wing, balanced line, starts with a high pass to Fullback Walker (44), who fakes a pass, drives inside the end. Fullback Moore (30) and Blocking Back Carpenter (34) come out shoulder to shoulder and block end. Thompson (24) and Brooks (64) lead the play.

ARKANSAS

THE Razorbacks have been called the Cinderella Team of 1954. If they are, it is not the work of magic. It is because Coach Wyatt taught his squad to become opportunists while he drilled them in perfecting fundamentals. Just how well they grabbed at each opportunity can be seen in the Southwest Conference statistics which show the champion Razorbacks last in both offense and defense and still winning five of their six conference games. Arkansas personnel is well conditioned and tough. They show it best of all by tightening defenses near their goal line, and by scoring in every manner; long and short runs, passes, field goals and punt returns. The over-all speed is good. The attack, led by Moore, Carpenter, Walker and Benson, is deceptive. The fullback roll-out, the fake roll-out and the pass to the blocking back are the big offensive gainers. The defense is extremely alert against passes. In the line, Coach Wyatt switches his guards and tackles to get the faster men outside. They are also good pursuers and really know how to gang-tackle with a vengeance.

continued on next page

AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA . . .



W. W. (Woody) HAYES has coached the Buckeyes to 25 wins, nine losses and two ties in four seasons. His Rose Bowl team gives Ohio State its first undefeated season since Carroll Widdoes' Big Ten champions of 1944.



OHIO STATE

ROSE

BOWL

SOUTHERN CAL



JESS HILL has compiled a 31-11-1 record in four years as the Trojan coach, guided his team to a 7-0 victory over Wacotoin in the 1953 Rose Bowl. Hill was a talented fullback and broad jumper at USC in 1925-29.

DAVE LEGGETT, **HOWARD CASSADY**, **HUBERT BORO** (see opposite page).

BOB WATKINS (No. 45), rb: Fine power runner with great speed. Led team in scoring with nine TDs, best on off-tackle, traps and dives. Weak on defense.

BOB THORNTON (35), c: Average linebacker, stronger vs. passes than runs. Has a tendency to get too tight in the line on close yardage situations.

JOHN BORTON (29), qb: Spells Leggett but hasn't played much in 1954. Likes to pass on fourth downs. A poor runner on the keep. No 2 punter behind Boro.

JIM PARKER (62), lg: Powerful on straight-ahead blocking. Fast, but can be fooled when play goes around him.

JIM REICHENBACH (63), rg: Best offensive

lineman, especially on traps. Plays head on the center on defense, quick on plays to his right or left.

OICK NILINSKI (70), lt: Good tackle and moves well for his size. May tire. Strong on defense straight ahead. Poor reaction to his right or left.

FRANCIS MACHINSKY (79), rt: Best pass rusher, excellent blocker. Will often charge high and slide. Can be trapped.

DEAN OUGGER (83), le: Best end. Gets downfield fast on a pass, favors straight down or down and out. Good blocker and rough on defense. Hard to knock down.

OICK BRUBAKER (80), re: Good target for hooks and deep passes. Does fine all-round job, has average speed, closes hard and is a good pass rusher.



LEGGETT



CASSADY



THORNTON



PARKER



NILINSKI



OUGGER



BORO



WATKINS



BORTON



REICHENBACH



MACHINSKY



BRUBAKER



CONTRATTO



OQUALL



GOUX



DA RE



FOUHE



CLARKE



HILL



CROW



ARNETT



FERRANTE



GREENWOOD



HILL

JIM CONTRATTO, **ARAMIS DANDOFF**, **LIM-ON CROW** (see opposite page).

GORDON OQUALL (40), fb: Quik's fullback pitch is his best play off the T. Also good on the hunk lateral traps. Better than average linebacker on defense.

MARY GOUX (52), c: Backs up the left side of the line on defense and will pursue the ball all over the field. A fiery competitor, often hard to block.

JON ARNETT (36), lb: Subs for Dandoff, and, like him, has wonderful balance and speed. A very fine dodger, he will often fake to the inside and then run wide.

GEORGE GALLI (60), lg: Charges hard either slanting or straight ahead, usually slants toward wide side of the field. A good blocker on weak side end on the T.

DILAHOO FERRANTE (64), rg: A great blocker

on offense and a hard charger on defense, he is USC's best lineman and one of the top guards in the conference.

MARIO DA RE (74), lt: Plays inside tackle on offense and right tackle on defense. Most aggressive lineman, will charge hard, try to run over the offense.

ED FOUGH (77), rt: Alternates tackle assignments with Da Re and kicks extra points left-footed. Needs to be trapped as he generally penetrates.

LEON CLARKE (81), le: Best end on offense and defense, has great speed. Likes to take pass down and out deep. Will reach over blockers on defense.

CHUCK GREENWOOD (83), re: Not a favorite pass receiver, he is good offensive blocker. Defensively rugged to his inside, a little cumbersome on wide plays.

NUMBERS TO WATCH

OHIO STATE

DAVE LEGGETT, QB

A sound T quarterback with average speed. Shifty runner dangerous on the keep. Completed 46 of 55 passes for 7 TDs. A good man defensively.

22

HOWARD CASSADY, LHB

A most deserving All-American who can score on any type of play. Shifty and fast, he returns punts and kickoffs and is a Leggett pass target on the down and out.

40

HUBERT BOBO, FB

One of the best faking fullbacks in the game, but only average ball carrier. Best linebacker because he'll cover the wide side. An excellent blocker.

42



FAVORITE PASS pattern of Buckeyes sends four possible receivers downfield. Cassady (40), set left, goes down and out; two ends buttonhook, and Halfback Watkins (45) swings right. Quarterback Leggett (22) takes ball, fakes to Bobo (42), drawing defense in, then fakes far pass to open receiver.

1954 SEASON

W-L, L-S, T-S

28	Indiana	6
21	California	13
46	Illinois	7
26	Iowa	56
13	Wisconsin	34
14	Northwestern	7
26	Pittsburgh	6
26	Purdue	6
21	Michigan	7
129	Opponents	66

TEAM STRENGTH

OHIO STATE

THE Buckeyes developed into one of the best—if not the best—team in the country because every member of the squad played the finest football of his life throughout the rugged schedule. This is a well-balanced offensive team with a big and fast line and four potential ball carriers in Leggett, Watkins, Bobo and Cassady. The first three are power runners, while Cassady is superb on the breakaway. OSU's passing game is built around its running game, with Cassady and Brubaker as favorite receivers for Leggett, who is something of a gambler in that he'll try to hit his ends deep after moving successfully on the ground. Defensively OSU personnel has good pursuit and will react quickly to the situation. The linebackers do a good job, but pass defense can be vulnerable. The Buckeyes capitalize on opponents' mistakes and usually finish strong. They scored 82 of their 229 points in the final quarter. Nine rivals totaled only 14 points during that period.

USC

JIM CONTRATTO, QB

Plays offensive T quarterback, blocking back on single wing. Best talent is passing. Favorite targets, left half and left end. Not a strong tackler.

12

ARAMIS DANDOLY, LHB

Great on returning punts and kickoffs. One of Contratto's best pass receivers, can also break away on long runs and will quick-back sometimes on third down.

27

LINDON CROW, RHB

Best all-around back and a good pass receiver. May go back with Dandoly as double safety. A fine defensive back he usually makes jamming tackles on carries.

36

1954 SEASON

W-L, L-S, T-S

26	Wash. State	6
27	Pittsburgh	7
27	Northwestern	7
27	TCU	20
24	Oregon	34
24	California	27
24	Oregon State	6
24	Stanford	7
41	Washington	6
6	UCLA	26
27	Notre Dame	26
121	Opponents	120



USC SINGLE-WING play is set with unbalanced line. Ball is snapped to Tailback Dandoly (27) who is led off tackle by short-side guard coming over. Opposition tackle is trapped on strong side with a key block. Duxall (49) and Contratto (12) set as deays while Crow (36) takes out linebacker

SOUTHERN CAL

COACH Jess Hill lost eight of the 1953 starting line-up, but his squad developed rapidly, and many Coast observers think that Hill's multiple offense, in which the Trojans run from the single wing, the tight T and the wing T, may be just what is needed to upset Ohio State. The left half is the big runner in the USC attack, and because Quarterback Jim Contratto prefers passing to running, the pass has been a Trojan trademark this season—just as pass defense has been one of the few Ohio State weaknesses on occasion. Contratto will often try throwing for the distance in an effort to break his receivers past the opposition's halfbacks on their inside. Leon Clarke and Lindon Crow are fine receivers and well able to take it away from defenders when covered. From the single wing the team's favorite play has been the buck lateral keep. USC has looked both good and bad on defense, but when linemen such as Orlando Ferrante, Mario Da Re, George Galli, Merv Goux and Ed Fouch have a good day, it's never a picnic for the opposition.

continued on next page

AT MIAMI, FLORIDA . . .



WILLIAM MURRAY has a lifetime coaching record of 76-26-3. His winning ways followed him from the University of Delaware to Duke in 1931, and in four seasons the Blue Devils have won 27, lost 10 and tied three.



DUKE

ORANGE

BOWL

NEBRASKA



BILL GLASSFORD, an All-American guard at Pittsburgh in 1936, became Nebraska's 22nd coach after a great record at New Hampshire. Under him, the Cornhuskers have played rugged schedules, emerged with 26-29-6 mark.

BOB PASCAL, JERRY BARGER, JORRRY PALMER (see opposite page).

BRYANT ALDRIDGE (27), fb: They call on him for the one necessary yard. Second to Pascal in net yardage with a 5.4-yard average. Has replaced Worth Lutz (17).

BUDDY BASS (34), rfb: Leads pass receivers with nine caught for 147 yards and one TD. Also has thrown for two TDs and is fine tackler with good speed.

BERRIE BLANEY (26), rfb: Small but tough to bring down. Very fast, he excels as an open-field runner. So far hasn't looked too good on defense.

JESSE BIRCHFIELD (75), lg: Pretty good two-way man who knows how to handle his 208 pounds. Played tackle in 1933.

RALPH TORRANCE (11), rg: May be team's

best lineman, he is a consistently alert player, hasn't had a bad game in 1934. Good blocker, aggressive on defense.

FRED CAMPBELL (48), lt: Varsity wrestler, he isn't as good as he should be and yardage has been made through him. Missed 1932 season with injuries.

DAN COX (77), pt: A sophomore who has developed quickly after a standout freshman year. Doesn't win easily.

EDDIE SORRELL (28), le: Best receiving end with good speed but often used as decoy. Only 178 pounds but still a pretty polished defensive player.

TRACY MOON (35), re: Even smaller (156 pounds) than Sorrell, he is a good receiver but because of his weight has had trouble on defensive assignments.



BARGER



PASCAL



PALMER



BIRCHFIELD



CAMPBELL



SORRELL



ALDRIDGE



BASS



BLANEY



TORRANCE



COX



MOON



BROWN



CLARK



OBERLIN



BRYANT



HOLLORAN



LOEHR



SMITH



GREENLAW



ERWAY



WAGNER



GLANTZ



GILES

DON BROWN, DON CLARK, BOB SMITH (see opposite page).

WILLIE GREENLAW (47), rfb: A good all-round back. Led the team in rushing with 427 yards in 56 carries—for a very creditable 7.6-yard average.

BOB OBERLIN (53), c: Very strong, he has been a regular for three years. Carries out all his assignments well, plays middle guard on defense.

DON ERWAY (25), qb: Sub for Brown and likes to pass. Completed 21 of 41 passes for 336 yards and four TDs and had only one aerial intercepted all year.

CHARLES BRYANT (64), lg: Very aggressive with excellent speed. Covers well on kick-offs and on punts. Is also an effective left linebacker on defense.

ROBERT WAGNER (65), rg: A little weak on

defense, where he plays right linebacker, he is generally good on offense. Doesn't like being pushed around.

BILL HOLLORAN (72), lt: At 228 pounds, he isn't very fast, but is tremendously strong. It usually takes an almost perfect block to get him out of the way.

DON GLANTZ (79), rt: Probably the best defensive lineman. Also strong, he is almost as big (219 pounds) as Holloran, and quite a bit faster on offense.

ARDY LOEHR (89), le: Fast and able. He caught six passes for 89 yards and one TD. No other player caught more passes, none scored more than once in the air.

BILL GILES (83), re: Not as able as Loehr, he nonetheless pulled down five passes for 68 yards and one TD. Nebraska's 42 passes went to 14 different players.

NUMBERS TO WATCH

DUKE

BOB PASCAL, LB

Made the AP's third All-America team. He is strong and fast; good passer, but best play is the quickie. Main weakness is defending against the down-and-out passes.



JERRY BARGER, QB

Really runs team. Does most of their passing—and does it well. He is a stand-out on defense, and intercepted six passes this year from his safety position.



JOHNNY PALMER, C

Very talented lineman who blocks well; tackles harder than most and can be as tough as the situation requires. He'll back up the right side on defense.



FAVORITE PASS pattern of Duke has Barger (36) taking ball from center, faking to Al-bridge (37) driving up middle. Ends Sorrell (20) and Moon (35) flare in as Halfbacks Bass (34) and Pascal (34) block charging ends or slip into flat. Barger looks for wide as primary receivers, or pitches to halfbacks.

1954 SEASON

W-L-T, P-C-T

32	Pennsylvania	6
7	Tennessee	6
17	Purdue	12
14	Army	26
21	N. Carolina St.	7
23	Georgia Tech	26
7	Navy	48
26	Wake Forest	21
26	S. Carolina	7
42	N. Carolina	12
126	Opponents	154

TEAM STRENGTH

DUKE

LIKE ALL but a few of the 1954 Bowl teams, Duke had an in-and-out year. However, the Blue Devils finished strong and will be favored at Miami. Nearly 80% of Duke's offense is a running game from the split T. Quarterback Barger directs the club efficiently, and although he is not a great passer, he has often thrown a key pass. A big team physically, Duke is not fancy. They do not set many flankers but can whip an opponent in the line with steady pressure. A few opponents have hurt them by containing their blocks and drifting them off the line of scrimmage. Halfbacks will sometimes pass on a pitchout. Some weakness has been found in the defensive line-up, usually the 6-3-2-1 or the 6-2-3 with center and fullback backing up. They won't penetrate much on defense, but at the same time they'll make you go the hard way. Coach Bill Murray isn't afraid of Nebraska but says, apprehensively, "Bowl-game underdogs have won more often than they have lost."

NEBRASKA

DAK BROWN, QB

Calls offensive and defensive signals well; prefers running with the ball on option play. Had four of his 24 passes intercepted. Comes up fast on defense.



RON CLARK, LB

Averaged 6.5 yards per carry. Has fine speed, can be dangerous if he gets turned up field. May fumble if hit hard. Shares the passing with Don Erway.



BOB SMITH, FB

Carried most of the ball-carrying load, with a 5.1-yard average. Quick starter, strong runner, he also kicks extra points. Is defensive corner line-backer.



1954 SEASON

W-L-T, P-C-T

7	Minnesota	26
20	Iowa State	24
7	Kansas State	7
27	Oregon State	7
8	Colorado	8
24	Massouri	19
41	Kansas	29
7	Pittsburgh	21
7	Oklahoma	55
39	Hawaii	5
126	Opponents	162



QUICK TRAP executed by Nebraska depends on good work of linemen. Oberlin (38) and Wagner (39) block in center and Bryant (64) pulls out to get charging tackle. Smith (41) gets the linebacker. Brown (26) takes the ball from center, feeds it to Smith (41) who goes through hole in line.

NEBRASKA

THE CORNHUSKERS operate from the split T, and most of the time (nearly 85%) they will use a running offense rather than rely on passes. Their main offensive maneuvers have been the hand-off, the off-tackle slant and the wide play. Five variations of wide plays have already been unveiled this season. Their attack up the middle has not been too effective. They outrushed their 10 opponents by a total of 2,657 yards to 1,990, and if there is any trend to their running game, it is a steady tendency to run to the wide field. On third and fourth down with short yardage to go, Nebraska usually hits inside with hand-offs and quarterback sneaks. They threw only 100 passes all season, completing 42 of them for 791 yards and seven TDs. Their opponents, on the other hand, got to this club for 822 yards and four TDs on 58 completions out of 156 attempts. Nebraska, however, cannot be written off. The second team is almost as good as the first, and no fewer than 17 different players managed to hit the scoring column during a strictly in-and-out season. **(END)**

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● RADIO NETWORK ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

December 25 through January 2

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25

Basketball

● Milwaukee vs. Boston, Milwaukee, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.
● Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.
● New York vs. Syracuse, New York, 9 p.m.
● Rochester vs. Ft. Wayne, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Football

● Blue-Gray All-Star game, Montgomery, Ala., 7:45 p.m. (NBC-TV*, Mutual radio)
● North vs. South All-Star game, Miami (N).

Hockey

● Boston vs. Chicago, Boston
● Montreal vs. New York, Montreal
● Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26

Basketball

● Ft. Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.
● Minneapolis vs. Boston, Minneapolis, 2 p.m. C.S.T.
● Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Football

● Cleveland Browns vs. Detroit Lions, for Nat'l Football League title, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (Du Mont TV*, Mutual radio) Men to watch: Cleveland's Otto Graham (14) and Detroit's Bobby Layne (22).

Hockey

● Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit
● New York vs. Chicago, New York

Motorboating

● Orange Bowl regatta, 24-m. marathon, Miami Beach

MONDAY, DECEMBER 27

Basketball

(College tournaments)

● Holiday Festival, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.: Niagara vs. UCLA, La Salle vs. Syracuse, Dayton vs. St. John's, Syracuse vs. Villanova
● Queen City Invitational, Buffalo, N.Y.: Fordham vs. Georgetown, St. Bonaventure vs. Columbia, Yalta vs. Canisius
● Danc Classic, Raleigh, N.C.: N. Carolina vs. S. California; N. Carolina St. vs. Cornell; Wake Forest vs. Minnesota, Duke vs. W. Virginia
● Big Seven pre conference, Kansas City: Colorado vs. Oklahoma, Nebraska vs. Missouri
● Motor City Classic, Detroit: Detroit vs. Toledo; Wayne vs. Penn State
● Southwestern Conference, Houston, Tex.: Baylor vs. Alabama, Texas vs. Texas A. & M., Rice vs. Arkansas; SMU vs. TCU
● Gator Bowl Invitational, Jacksonville, Fla.: Georgia vs. Springfield, Florida vs. Florida St.

Racing

● Dan Baccariello vs. Cesar Baccariello, heavyweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
● Bobby Dykes vs. Billy McNeeney, middleweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Hendell

● Nat'l. intercollegiate championships, Chicago

Tennis

● U.S. vs. Australia, for Davis Cup, Sydney, Australia
● Sugar Bowl Invitational, New Orleans
● USLTA girls' indoor championships, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28

Boxing

● Eastern Open jr. tournament, Baltimore

Basketball

(College tournaments)

● Richmond Invitational, Richmond, Va.: Boston U. vs. Wm. & Mary, Rutgers vs. VPI, Richmond vs. Boston College, Geo. Washington vs. Colgate
● Queen City Invitational, Buffalo, N.Y.: Georgia Tech vs. Idaho St., first round winners
● New England Sports, Conn.: Amherst vs. Middlebury, Dartmouth vs. Massachusetts; Brown vs. Colby, Connecticut vs. Harvard
● Big Seven pre conference, Kansas City: Kansas vs. Iowa St., Kansas St. vs. California

(Professionals)

● Rochester vs. Syracuse, 7:30 p.m.; New York vs. Philadelphia, 9:30 p.m. Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Racing

● Ennis Durando vs. Peter Mueller, middleweights, Milwaukee Arena (10 rds.)
● Maryland vs. LSU, Sugar Bowl, New Orleans

Horse Racing

● Palm Vender Handicap, \$20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29

Basketball

(College tournaments)

● Sugar Bowl, New Orleans: Notre Dame vs. Loyola of South Holy Cross vs. Bradley
● Northern Division Classic, Seattle: Washington St. vs. Idaho, Oregon St. vs. Washington

(Professionals)

● Boston vs. Minneapolis, Hibbing, Minn., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.
● Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia, 9:10 p.m.
● Rochester vs. New York, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

● Broadway Billy Smith vs. Paul Andrews, light heavyweights, Dinner Key Auditorium, Coconut Grove, Fla. (16 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Football

● Santa Claus Bowl, Lakeland, Fla., 9:05 p.m. (Mutual)

Hockey

● Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto

Motorboating

● Orange Bowl regatta, world record time trials, Miami Beach

Seccer

● North vs. South college game, St. Petersburg, Fla.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30

Basketball

● Ft. Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Minn., N.D., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.

Hockey

● Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit
● Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal
● New York vs. Boston, New York

Lacrosse

● Blue vs. Gray All-Star game, Palm Beach, Fla.

Motorboating

● Orange Bowl regatta, 9-hr. endurance event, Miami Beach

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31

Basketball

(College tournaments)

● Holiday Festival final, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (Professionals)
● Ft. Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.
● Philadelphia vs. Milwaukee, 7:15 p.m., New York vs. Boston, 9:15 p.m., Providence, R.I.

***See local TV listing.**

Football

● Gator Bowl, Jacksonville, Fla.: Auburn (7-3-0) vs. Baylor (7-3-0), 1:45 p.m. (Mutual)

Horse Racing

● California Breeders' Trial Stakes, \$25,000, 7 f., 2-yr.-olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Sailing

● Sugar Bowl regatta, New Orleans

Track & Field

● Sugar Bowl track meet, New Orleans

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1

Basketball

(Leading college games)

● St. Joseph's vs. Scranton; Temple vs. Kentucky, Convention Hall, Philadelphia
● Pennsylvania vs. Pittsburgh; Villanova vs. N. Carolina St.; Palestine, Philadelphia

(Professionals)

● New York vs. Milwaukee, New York, 9 p.m.
● Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester, N.Y., 8:45 p.m.
● Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

● Cicco Andrade vs. Ralph Dupas, lightweights, New Orleans Aud. (16 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

Football

● Rose Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.: S. California (8-3-0) vs. Ohio State (9-0-0), 4:45 p.m. (NBC) Men to watch: S. California's Aames Dandoy (27) and Ohio State's Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy (40)

● Sugar Bowl, New Orleans: Navy (7-2-0) vs. Mississippi (9-1-0), 2 p.m. (ABC) Men to watch: Navy's George Welsh (11) and Mississippi's Eagle Day (15)

● Orange Bowl, Miami: Nebraska (6-4-0) vs. Duke (7-2-1), 1:45 p.m. (CBS) Men to watch: Nebraska's Bob Smith (41) and Duke's Jerry Barger (35)

● Cotton Bowl, Dallas: Arkansas (8-2-3) vs. Georgia Tech (7-3-0), 1:45 p.m. (NBC) Men to watch: Arkansas' George Walker (44) and Tech's Paul Rostenberry (21)

● East vs. West Shrine Game, San Francisco, 4:15 p.m. (Mutual)

● Sun Bowl, El Paso, Texas: Texas Western (7-3-0) vs. Florida State (8-3-0), 4:15 p.m.

● Tangerine Bowl, Orlando, Fla.: Omaha (9-0-0) vs. E. Kentucky (8-0-1), 8 p.m.

● Salad Bowl, Phoenix, Ariz.: Border Conference Sr. All-Stars vs. Skyline Conference Sr. All-Stars, 1 p.m.

Hockey

● Boston vs. New York, Boston
● Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto
● Montreal vs. Montreal, Montreal

Horse Racing

● San Pascual Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.
● Makino Sargent Stakes, \$25,000, 7 f., 4-yr.-olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Squash Racquets

● U.S. Open singles, University Club, N.Y.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2

Basketball

● Boston vs. New York, Boston, 8:30 p.m.
● Ft. Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8 p.m. C.S.T.
● Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis, 2 p.m. C.S.T.
● Syracuse vs. Milwaukee, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Hockey

● Chicago vs. Toronto, St. Louis
● Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit
● New York vs. Boston, New York

Motorboating

● Orange Bowl regatta, Intl. Grand Prix & Inboard regatta, Miami Beach

RECOGNITION

● **Willie Mays**, sensational New York Giants outfielder, was voted National League's Most Valuable Player by baseball writers and **Male Athlete of the Year** in AP poll. Mays won league batting title with .345, hit 41 homers, batted in 110 runs, performed defensive miracles. ● **Wally Moon**, St. Louis Cardinals outfielder, was picked as National League's Rookie of the Year. ● **Leo Durocher** of New York Giants was named **Manager of the Year** in AP poll for feat of leading team to National League pennant and World Series victory. ● **Mildred**

(Babe) **Zaharias**, top-notch woman golfer and all-around athlete, received University of Tampa medal for achievement in sports. ● **Ernestine Russell**, 16-year-old gymnastics star, was elected **Canada's Woman Athlete of the Year** for the second time. ● **Paul Larson** of University of California, who set new record of 64.1% for pass completions, was awarded **W. J. Vait Memorial Football Trophy** as Pacific Coast's Most Outstanding Player. ● **Stenographer** became first 3-year-old filly to win honor as **Harness Horse of the Year** in poll of 97 turf writers.

BASKETBALL

Utah upset top-ranked La Salle 79-69 in battle of unbeaten teams, at New York. La Salle's great Tom Gola tallied 17 points, got 20 rebounds in brilliant first half, when he also suffered a hard fall. Utes double-tracked Gola in second half, held him to one field goal. Art Hunte, Morris Buckwalter and Gary Bergen scored heavily to give Utah seventh straight.

Illinois ran unbeaten string to five, trouncing Miami (O.) 97-72 and Notre Dame 66-37 in defensive battle.

Dayton knocked Louisville out of undefeated class 71-67 in overtime, John Horan scoring 27 points, then nosed out touring College of the Pacific 73-66.

Missouri continued domination of Big Ten opponents, beating Wisconsin 67-56, after earlier wins over Indiana and Iowa. Tigers also disposed of Arkansas, 77-58.

Tennessee A & I took early lead, went on to beat Rockhurst College 94-72 in final of NAIA at Kansas City.

Duquesne, with St. Green back in lineup and scoring 20 points, rolled up easy 74-52 victory over College of the Pacific, then trounced Peoria Cats, National AAU and world amateur champions, 82-63 in exhibition. Flashy **Big Bicketts** got 24 points as Dukies ended Peoria's winning streak at 20.

Niagara, after loss to La Salle, bounced back with three straight, over Cornell, 71-65; Syracuse, 89-74; Toledo, 80-61.

George Washington avenged only loss of season, whipping Wake Forest 94-82, with high-scoring Corky Devlin pouring in 37 points.

Pennsylvania's surprising club made it five in row with wins over Navy, 77-65; Iowa, 87-75; Michigan State, 73-67.

Kentucky won third of year, 28th in succession, smothering Temple's zone defense 79-61. **Bob Burrow** starred for Wildcats with 27 points, 34 rebounds.

North Carolina State made bid for high ranking, sweeping to victories over Clemson, 112-72; South Carolina, 91-82; Texas Tech, 83-74, for eight in row.

Auburn won Blue-Gray championship, upsetting Tennessee 73-64, at Montgomery, Ala.

Alabama got great shooting from George Linn and Jerry Harper, handed West Virginia first loss of season 96-82, to win Birmingham classic. **Dick Hemric's** 40 points led Wake Forest to 95-71 win over Texas in consolation game. Hemric also scored 43 in opening-round loss to West Virginia.

San Francisco ended UCLA's unbeaten mark at five, beating Bruins 56-44 after Pacific Coast favorite had noed out Santa Clara 65-38.

National Basketball Association deleted from its standings 14 games played by disbanded Baltimore Bullets, causing shifts in team records. N.Y. Knickerbockers split pair of games with league-leading Syracuse Nationals, who lost twice, beat Milwaukee Hawks 91-83, moved into second place in Eastern Division. High-scoring Boston Celtics went over century mark in three victories but remained in last place, seven percentage points behind Philadelphia Warriors.

Fl. Wayne Pistons lost to Philadelphia 99-90, edged Rochester Royals 87-86, increased Western Division lead over Minneapolis Lakers, who had three Baltimore wins taken away. Rochester and Milwaukee continued far off pace.

TENNIS

U.S. trounced Sweden 5-0 in interzone final, earned right to meet Australia for Davis Cup Dec. 27-29 at Sydney. **Tony Trabert**, **Vic Seixas**, **Ham Richardson** scored over Sweden's Sven Davidson, Lennart Bergelin in singles. Trabert and Seixas teamed to win over same pair in doubles.

USLTA announced tentative rankings for 1954, placed Seixas over Trabert at No. 1 in men's singles, **Donis Hart** of Coral Gables, Fla. in top spot among women. **Maureen Connolly**, No. 1 last year but idle in nationals while recuperating from fractured

leg, was unranked because of "insufficient data." Top doubles teams: Trabert and Seixas; **Donis Hart** and **Shirley Fry** of Akron, Ohio. (For complete list, see below.)

FOOTBALL

Detroit Lions squeezed past Cleveland Browns 14-10 on **Bobby Layne's** 11-yard pass to **Gat Girard** with 30 seconds to play in preview of Sunday's clash for National Football League title. **Otto Graham's** one-yard plunge, **Lou Groza's** 43-yard field goal gave Browns 10-7 edge before Layne completed six of seven passes in exciting 74-yard drive to winning touchdown.

Hampton Pool, central figure in reported disavowal on Los Angeles Rams, quit as head coach one week after resignation of four aides. A former Rams assistant, Pool replaced Joe Stydahar.

Fedham discontinued football for fifth time in 71 years, blaming decision on "continuing financial loss." A pre-World War II power under Coaches Frank Cavanaugh and Jim Crowley, Rams played in Cotton Bowl in 1940, Sugar Bowl in 1941.

BOXING

Carl (Bobo) Olson bombarded game Pierre Langlois of France with combinations, scored 11th-round TKO victory in third successful defense of middleweight championship this year before 16,453, at San Francisco. Olson out-slicked aggressive opponent, opened two-inch gash over Langlois' left eye, causing referee to stop fight.

Carmen Basilio of Canastota, N.Y., No. 2 contender for Johnny Saxton's welterweight title, toyed with Irish Ronnie Harper, won by TKO when Detroit boxer was unable to answer bell for fourth round, at Akron, Ohio.

Bob Baker of Pittsburgh, fourth-ranked heavyweight, punched out decision over Coley Wallner, who played role of Joe Louis in recent movie, in 10-rounder, at New York.

Sandy Saddler, who won featherweight title

U.S. LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION RANKINGS FOR 1954

MEN'S SINGLES

- 1 Vic Seixas, Philadelphia
- 2 Tony Trabert, Cincinnati
- 3 Ham Richardson, Baton Rouge, La.
- 4 Art Larsen, San Francisco
- 5 Calvin Muller, Miami
- 6 Tom Brown, San Francisco
- 7 Ed Mortise, New Orleans
- 8 Bernard Bertram, San Angelo, Tex.
- 9 Bill Bellor, New York
- 10 Jerry Flann, Beverly Hills, Calif.
- 11 Len Auld, Ohio
- 12 Jack Frost, Monterey, Calif.
- 13 Straight Clark, Pasadena, Calif.
- 14 Bob Perry, W. Los Angeles
- 15 Gil Shea, Phoenix, Calif.
- 16 Sam Galambava, Houston
- 17 Hal Bennett, Charlottesville, Va.
- 18 J. Allen Morris, Atlanta
- 19 Sidney Schwartz, Brooklyn, N.Y.
- 20 Jerry DeWitt, Valley, Calif.

WOMEN'S SINGLES

- 1 Donis Hart, Coral Gables, Fla.
- 2 Lucille Bengt, Beverly Hills, Calif.
- 3 Beverly B. Haile, Long Beach, Calif.
- 4 Shirley J. Fry, Akron, O.
- 5 Betty R. Pratt, Mustang Bay, Mass.
- 6 Barbara Bond, R. Hollywood, Calif.
- 7 Barbara Wood, Montebello, Calif.
- 8 Lois Felix, Pasadena, Calif.
- 9 Helen P. Pratt, Encino, Calif.
- 10 Barbara S. Davidson, Milwaukee
- 11 Jean Clarke, Birmingham, Ala.
- 12 Alfred Gibson, New York
- 13 Dorcas Brashers, San Diego
- 14 Constance C. Bell, Capitola, Beach
- 15 Margaret Varner, Berlin
- 16 Janet S. Rogers, Seattle
- 17 Mary Slaghter, Charlottesville, Va.
- 18 Lucille Ingens, Miami
- 19 Ethel Norton, San Antonio
- 20 Lucille Davidson, San's Spennet, Wis.

UNDER 21

SNOWSHOES ARE STILL FUN

Almost forgotten since the ski took over, they can help you rediscover winter's quiet wonders

WALLINGFORD, Vt.

NOT the worst way in the world to spend a Christmas afternoon is the way the young outdoorsman pictured above is doing it—finding quite a lot of adventure on snowshoes. Many people, mostly skiers, will tell you that the snowshoe is something of a dead duck in the world of winter sports. But that isn't quite so.



THE ALASKA TRAPPER, ON TRAIL

It is true that the snowshoe has gone a long way down in popularity since it was such a big thing about 30 years ago. But it has made a comeback. Just a mild one, but a comeback anyway.

Skiers are likely to insist that on snowshoes you are a slow-going fellow doing something that is dull and plodding. Possibly so. But—can anyone hope to get a bigger kick than the one you get when, in your slow and plodding way, you come face to face with a wandering deer? Don't expect it to happen on skis. But on snowshoes it's likely. It even figures.

Snowshoeing is certainly one of the earliest American sports that exists. If you have any doubts, just ask the Indians. Or the Eskimos. They got the thing going. Primarily, it's a North American sport that traces back to the old stocking-cap days, while the glamorous ski had its origin in the Scandinavian countries and was exported therefrom to the United States.

The snowshoe goes too far back for

exact documentation. But the Indian and the Eskimo hold the franchise, the record says. These are not flighty people. The way they made them, in their day, was to bend the snowshoe frames, or bows, out of hickory or white ash. They boiled the wood strip for the frame in water; then they bent it around a properly shaped mold.

They made their lacing out of deer hide, or else caribou or moose. After soaking the hide in water and scraping the hair off, they cut strips of the proper width for lacing.

The way they laced, in those days, was hardly different from the way it's done today. After making the lacings soft and pliable through the water treatment, they pulled it tightly into the snowshoe frame. Then they let them dry, which made them even tighter and harder. They used animal fat to give them a finish. As of now, spar varnish is used instead for this finishing job.

At least, that's what's used by Vermont Tubbs, Inc., today just about the largest remaining manufacturer of snowshoes in the country that gave birth to them. Mr. Tubbs, who started all this, is now dead, but his company lingers on. Mr. Tubbs wasn't the original maker of snowshoes in America but he was close to it and he studied under the original. The first was really Mellie Dunham of Maine, who got going around 1870 and carried on the trade until 1900. Some of those old snowshoes that Mellie concocted are still on the trail, giving good service. That about proves that a snowshoe, when made right, lasts a long, long time.

W. F. Tubbs, a Maine farm boy, fol-

lowed Mellie. He'd put in a few years working for him after school. Around the turn of the century, Mr. Tubbs took over in the snowshoe field with a place in Norway, Me., later moving to Wallingford, Vt.

He made snowshoes so well and so conscientiously that people like Admiral Byrd used them on his polar expeditions. Stores like L. L. Bean in Maine (whom you can't kid about these things) and Abercrombie & Fitch in New York (who don't fool easily either) selected Mr. Tubbs's snowshoes for their customers.

One really great thing about the snowshoe is that it's so easy to get acquainted with. A ski takes a lot of learning, but a snowshoe is your baby from the word go. Whether you use the Trapper, the Michigan Alaska or the Bear Paw, you can strap a pair on your feet after a little practice to get used to walking on them and set forth with all



THE MICHIGAN, OR MAINE MODEL

the assurance in the world that you'll reach your destination. No fancy tricks here.

A snowshoe will give you at best a five-mile-per-hour momentum. But what you see sort of makes up for the lack of all that 20th century, Scandinavian speed you get with skis. The Indians and the Eskimos knew what they were up to.

—DUANE DECKER



Father Joseph Smith, whose father once managed former Light Heavyweight Champion Tommy Loughran. "He has never once severed his ties with his neighborhood and, considering all, he could be forgiven if he would."

Gola has had so much praise piled around him that it is hard to believe that behind the barrier of press notices there exists anything that even faintly resembles an ordinary mortal. There does, however, although Father Joseph Belz, another Incarnation priest who has had considerable influence on him, is inclined to side with some who believe Gola is a bit too good to be true. "There is a touch of unreality about Tommy," Father Belz says.

Nowhere, possibly, is this better seen than on the basketball floor, where Gola appears to be untouched by the excitement about him yet commands the game so completely. There is a Polish phlegmatism about Gola which amounts to an air of detachment. The expression on his high-cheekboned face seldom changes, and his show of apparent aloofness is his one outstanding personality characteristic.

He rarely speaks on the floor. He is never an exhibitionist. He has the faculty of seeming to conserve his energy while running with the glide that has the grace of ice skating. Suddenly he shifts gears and explodes into high speed.

"I have never seen an athlete with better reflexes or one who is less affected by tension," said Mario Vetere, La Salle's trainer. "He can put his head on the pillow a few hours before a



LOW-DRIVING Gola takes big Dan Lyons completely out of play and causes another player, Bob Reese, to grab his wrist during La Salle's 61-36 victory over Fordham this year.

championship game, immediately fall asleep and awaken refreshed."

Gola thinks his poise comes from being one of seven children. He probably inherits some of it from his father and mother, who, as he describes them, "are pretty hard to disturb."

Tom's father, Isadore, called Ike for short, is a 20-year veteran of the Philadelphia police force. Last year, while the oldest of his three sons was breaking records as the highest point scorer in La Salle's basketball history, Officer Ike apprehended two men burgling a restaurant. One of the men broke and ran. The other hid behind a fender. Using it as protection, he fired five shots at Gola. All missed. The officer fired five shots, three finding their target.

The Golas were at dinner in their lower-middle-class red two-story home at 5110 North Third Street when Ike called to tell the family he had been in a shooting scrape. "Poppa's all right," Mrs. Gola said, returning to the dinner table. "He hit the robber three times with five shots."

Tom's brothers and sisters pointed out that that was somewhat better than his own shot-making average.

The whole Gola family has an impressive talent for the calculated risk. In one game last season Tom scored 41 points, breaking by two the college's individual scoring record previously held by Larry Foust. With 25 seconds to play he had 38 points and an opportunity for an easy shot, but he handed



GOLA CONCLAVE In family living room includes (from left) father Ike, who is a patrolman, and "Duke," Catherine, Warda, Paul, Joan, Mrs. Gola, Clare and Tom.

off the ball. With five seconds to go, Gola dribbled in for a shot and was fouled as he made it. He sank the foul and a second later melted from the floor to the team's dressing room.

"Tommy had the situation figured," says Ken Loeffler, the La Salle coach. "Had he scored earlier to break the record, I'd have sent in a sub for him and made him come off the floor alone for an ovation. So he waited until just before the game ended to shoot."

When Gola was at La Salle High School he was known as a great ball-player. As a senior he played in the North-South All Star high school game and was voted the outstanding player. By actual count he got 62 scholarship offers.

Gola's home is within walking distance of La Salle and he and his family are Catholics. They preferred their boy's education and basketball to continue under the Christian Brothers. Thus the string which began at Incarnation Parish School will be completed when Tom finishes his business administration course next June.

Until he gave it all up for basketball, Gola was a four-event track star and baseball player. More informally, he is one of a harmonica trio which entertains his teammates at annual team dinners. He also is unofficial assistant to the trainer when bandaging and minor medications are required.

If Gola cared to, he could act as La Salle's sacred cow and get away with it. But he prefers not to. Last year demands on his time from the college publicity department kept him from many classes. Once he missed turning in an assignment. The next day he apologized to the instructor, Brother Edward, and asked the opportunity to make up the assignment.

"You'll have to take the cut, of course," the Brother said.

Later, Gola asked Loeffler for permission to leave practice early. "When my pictures were taken yesterday," Tom said, "I missed an assignment. I must make it up."

"You told Brother why you were absent," Loeffler said.

"No, I didn't," Gola answered. "I didn't want him to think I was ducking work because of basketball."

"You weren't ducking anything," Loeffler said. "You were working for the college taking that time with the photographer."

"I'd rather have it this way," Gola said.

(END)

HIGH-MINDED Gola, a C-plus student, is a 6'1"-foot-plus giant in college stacks.



"Halali," which is the hunter's call.

The Chief Forester stepped forward out of the shadows and doffed his hat: "Your Highness, the bag for today is nine boar, eight sows, three sucklings and one fox. *Weidmann's Heil!*" Everyone tipped his hat and said "*Weidmann's Heil!*" for the fiftieth time and went forward to inspect the row of dead pigs as though it were a guard of honor at the airport. The biggest boar had the place of honor at the left as we approached. Each of us in turn stooped and felt his tusks. The Chief Forester estimated it weighed 110 kilos—240 pounds. A metal tag with the number 11 attached to the boar's ear indicated the hunter who'd shot him. No. 11 came forward looking very embarrassed and everyone shook his hand and said "*Weidmann's Heil!*" for the fifty-first time. Then we moved on to inspect the second biggest boar and repeated the performance all over again.

Finally the ceremony was over. Everyone took off his hat and said "*Weidmann's Heil!*" for the last time to the *Jäger*. The beaters and foresters shouted "*Weidmann's Heil!*" and broke ranks toward the servants' hall, where they knew there was a keg of beer waiting to be broached. A little more sedately but no less eagerly we hustled into the lodge, where the whisky and soda and ice were ready.

Next morning by 9 we were under way again and by 9:30 were at our stands.

A hunting horn sounded half a mile away at the far end of the drive. Two others answered and the call to begin the drive echoed across the valley. A moment later I could faintly hear the shouts of the beaters and the barking of dogs as they charged into the underbrush.

I flipped the safety catch on my Winchester, crouched down behind my stand and listened. From the far end of the drive came some more serious sounds: lower-pitched, less frequent, varied in tone. Several dogs were on a trail. That might mean pigs. Gradually the barking got steadier and louder. The beaters' voices suddenly rose above the barking. "*Achtung, Sam!*" they shouted at the top of their lungs. A pig had evidently cut back through the line of beaters and would break out behind them on the back track.

A rifle cracked at the far end of the drive, followed by a second and a third. I exchanged glances with Princess Loewenstein, who was keeping me company for this drive. "A miss?" she

whispered. "I do hope it's not Nicky. He's been missing everything."

The third person at the stand, Maxie, a 10-year-old boy, tapped me on the shoulder. "The leaves are rustling over there to the left of the tall pine," he whispered. Anxious to avoid any sudden move, I turned my head ever so slightly and tried to peer through the brush 40 yards across the clearing in front. I could see nothing but caught the faint sound of cracking twigs. Cautiously I shifted the barrel of my rifle.

A LARGE AND UGLY FACE

"I see it moving!" my hostess said. "It's just inside the thicket. It's coming this way!" Still I saw nothing, but the crackling of branches grew louder.

Suddenly the large, ugly black face of a big boar emerged from the brush and remained motionless, his vicious tusks clearly visible but the body still hidden in the thicket. He was looking straight toward us as I aimed at his head. It seemed like a very small target and, besides, head-on shots are frowned on in the best pig-shooting circles, lest you destroy the tusks.

He must have got a whiff of us for he suddenly raised his snout and sniffed the wind. As he did so he exposed his big black chest. I squeezed the trigger. There was a crack and he seemed to drop to his knees. But he pivoted, crashed back into the brush and there was silence.

"You got him," Maxie whispered excitedly. "I saw him buckle."

Hardly had I slammed the bolt on another cartridge when a wild fracas broke out in the thicket 30 yards to the right of my first shot. I swung around just in time to get my sights on an enormous tusker as he charged full speed from the cover, half a dozen dachshunds yapping madly at his heels. He was running diagonally across the clearing, his shoulder in full view. For a moment I followed him in my sights and then squeezed. This time there was no doubt of the result. The great beast reared and lunged forward several feet. Then his head dropped, his hind legs went over in a somersault and he crashed to the ground.

The thicket once more came alive with rustling and crashing. This time we knew it was not a pig but the heaters themselves. Two of them were dragging a big boar between them. Maxie had been right. The first pig had dropped dead five yards inside the thicket, a bullet through its chest and heart.

The Chief Forester emerged from the woods and as he approached stopped to pluck a sprig of spruce. He smeared it in the blood of the biggest boar. He removed his hat, placed the sprig on it and presented it to me with the traditional "*Weidmann's Heil!*"

I took off my hat, shook the forester's hand, stuck the spruce sprig into my hatband and answered with the most enviable words in the German hunting vocabulary: "*Weidmann's Dank!*"—a hunter's thanks. (END)



the boy and the Star

He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than simply a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmas.

Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make your home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.



Saving for security is easy! Read every word

—now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a plan. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.39. If you can save as much as \$18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you \$10,700!

U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semi-annually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

If you want your interest as current income, ask your bank about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check.



The U. S. Government will not pay for this advertisement. It is printed for the publisher in accordance with the Advertising Council and the National Publishers of America.

STAND UP AND STATE THE FACTS

Sirs:

I have been meaning to write to you for quite some time. I am a coach here in Port Angeles and take great interest in SL. I praise you for your work, so far, in trying to "clean up" boxing. I believe that you have taken a step in the right direction, but we do need more men like Harry Thomas to stand up and state the facts. Good work; please keep it up.

J. C. SULENBER

Port Angeles, Wash.

HOW MUCH?

Sirs:

Your story of boxing and Jim Norris is indeed an unsavory one. Perhaps this incident concerning the late Joe Jacobs sheds a little light on things that came later.

I was a bunkmate of Joe's in 1918, living in the same tent with him for about a year at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. Naturally, we got to know each other pretty well. During the summer Joe conceived the idea of putting on some boxing shows for the entertainment of the boys in camp.

Jacobs put on several of these festive extravaganzas but I recall only the first one. It was staged at the Augusta ball park and Joe asked me to sell tickets at the gate. I agreed, and he gave me a few dollars in change and a large roll of numbered tickets, like they used to have at amusement parks. We had a good crowd and I sold a lot of tickets. After the show Joe came around to settle up. The cash I had balanced exactly with the tickets sold. Joe scooped it up and said, "How much did you make?"

"Nothing," I replied. "Was I supposed to make something?"

"Stupid," says Joe. "Didn't you ever hear of selling 'em from the inside end? Nobody ever checks 'em there." I didn't sell tickets for the other bouts.

J. ATLEE SCHAFER

Alexandria, Va.

COUNT ME IN

Sirs:

You can count me in as a member of APPEFFF as I have been a sports fan in general and a boxing fan in particular for many years. Contrary to Mr. Thorpe, I have been a monthly reader of *Ring Magazine* for almost 12 years and watch all the fights on TV, so I feel qualified to join.

To get off on the right foot, I would like to put in a pet gripe of my own. This is Archie Moore's failure to get a crack at the light-heavyweight title for so many years and now the apparent gold shoulder he has been getting in his quest for the heavyweight crown.

About all ratings have Nino Valdez and Don Cockell as the leading contenders. They may be the most deserving of the heavyweights, but I cannot see how anyone can put either of these boys ahead of Moore.

Cockell's chief claims to a title fight have been his wins over Harry Matthews and Roland La Starza. Matthews recently re-

tired so he must feel he's through and La Starza lost to an inept Charley Norkus. Neither has whipped sufficiently tough competition to make a win over them so rewarding. Don't Cockell's two KO losses to Jimmy Blade and Randy Turpin, the latter as late as 1932, count?

One reason I have seen given for Moore not getting the chance is that he wouldn't draw. Why wouldn't he draw? All experts are agreed he would have the best chance against Marciano. The match would bring together the two hardest punchers, with any ability, in the ring. And in Moore, the cleverest boxer in the ring.

DAVE JACK

Zanesville, O.

P.S. Keep up your fine work on exposing incompetent commissions, crooked managers and monopolizing promoters.

THIS WAS BOXING

Sirs:

Twenty years ago, I was a sports reporter for Scripps-Howard in San Diego, Cal. Whenever the local matchmaker found a vacancy on his card, he would round up the kids standing at ringside and ask who would like to fill the bill as a lightweight, feather, bantam or middleweight. He'd get \$20 for appearing, \$50 for going four rounds, \$100 if he beat the guy already billed.

If he lost but put up a good fight, he was billed for a match with a man with about his own experience, say four weeks later. Always, the dream of being a main-eventer, or even hitting the big time, was before his eyes.

Even for \$100 he was never asked to throw a fight.

This was boxing. It was long before Jim Norris. It was long before television. But it probably was the greatest boxing I have ever seen.

American homes are entitled to a revival of this fine sport. . . . Properly managed and properly executed, it is a scientific sport that inspires young men to manhood and old men to dreams of their youth.

I commend you most heartily on your continuing campaign to get the thugs and racketeers out of boxing. It sickens me to look at the picture of the IBC president thrown on the TV screen. I should think that a sponsor of this expensive time could recognize what kind of man Norris is if he were at all discerning, and at all considerate of the potential buyers of his product.

JAMES P. FELTON

Altadena, Cal.

P.S. I am not at all surprised at the increased rating of the Walt Disney show, now appearing on the West Coast in the time slot opposite the Wednesday-night boxing. Disney and his Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck characters are much more believable than the boxers. My five children may grow up to be talking ducks or gibbering mire, but they won't be asked to throw a fight.

FABULOUS MISS

Sirs:

The article and pictures in SL Dec. 6 on *Africa's Big Game*, certainly ranks among the best.

Being one of those many individuals who dream of some day going on an African safari, I personally got a great deal of enjoyment out of this article. I can sincerely appreciate and also am very envious of Mr. Ylla's efforts and ability. Truly his must be a very fabulous life of excitement and accomplishment.

I for one would like to see more of these articles, which give the dreamer, like myself, a few minutes a day to escape the drudgery of city life.

WILLIAM A. RAY

Baltimore



ELEPHANT GIRL

● It's Miss Ylla who leads the fabulous life (see cut) and she's highly pleased that Mr. Ray and over 2,000 other dreamers send SL 25 cents for specially prepared reproductions of her big game pictures. —ED.

500 A DAY WITH 16 HEADS

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on African safari and also the pictures by Ylla. Ylla shared our campsite with us in the Lofter Plains where she took a lot of her lion pictures. The only thing a lot of good American sportsmen are frightened by is the \$7,000 to \$10,000 price tag that you see on African animals. I was for a good many years until I finally contacted a White Hunter and found you could enjoy a safari for less than a month. We paid \$90 a day for two which is about the same as a western hunt and much less than an Alaskan hunt. I have helped my son organize an all-boys safari, including all expenses from New York to Nairobi and return, 24 days hunting, license for 10 varieties of game, total of 16 heads, and a five-day climb of Mt. Kilimanjaro for a total of \$2,650. When I took my son in 1952, we had a 20-day safari which is short but I would sooner have 20 days than never know what an African safari really is like.

HARRY L. WELKER, D.D.S.

Williamsport, Pa.

PADDY'S PORTRAIT

Sirs:

I find the Dec. 6 issue of such caliber as to induce me to write a complimentary letter. Two features especially interested

me—the fine photographic essay on Africa's Big Game, and the absorbing fiction by Bryan MacMahon, *The Return of Paddy Kiassella*. The story was exceptionally well illustrated by Robert Rizer, my wife and I agreed the illustrations were vigorous and full of character, expressed extremely well both the story-line and personal temperament of the piece of fiction. We would be pleased to see more of the graphic work of this artist—he seems to have a fine sense of action in portraiture.

FRED G. RANDELL

Pennington, N.J.

MORE

Sirs:

Being an old boxing fan, I enjoyed your short story, *The Return of Paddy Kiassella*, in the latest issue of SI.

I have enjoyed all of the short stories that you have had in SI so far and I hope you will have many more of them in future issues.

LOUIS M. SOLOMON

Baltimore

NO TIME, BUT . . .

Sirs:

Haven't the time to write "letters to the editor" but am constrained to compliment SI on publication of Bryan MacMahon's *Return of Paddy Kiassella*.

One of the best short stories which has appeared anywhere in the past 20 years. Maybe you got ahold of another Donn-Byrne, huh?

HARRY B. MYLINIX

New York

• If SI has got ahold of another Donn-Byrne we are happy indeed. Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne was born in New York, worked the police beat for the *Brooklyn Eagle* and the *Sun*, but much preferred to be known, not at all correctly, as an Irish sportsman, a hard rider, a footloose soldier of fortune with a misty international background. With the publication in 1914 of *Messer Murro Polo* he became "the last traditional Irish novelist," talked unconvincingly of having used up three horses (he couldn't ride) following a plaque of harriers on a Sunday morning, but wrote (*The Wind Blowseth, Changing*) with absolute authority and brilliance of style that made him a highly successful novelist and the hero of critics of his day. He even saw his phantasies realized: Donn-Byrne ended his days in a castle in Cork, an Irish gentleman-landowner and admired poet. His New York friends, who so frequently had heard his eye-witness account of Capt. Welsh's fatal attempt to swim Niagara (six years before Byrne's birth), his triumphs on the hunting field and his hardships on the Pampas, saw him no more. One of the last things they heard from Donn-Byrne was that "he was keeping himself as fit as that other literary gent—Gene Tunney." He died in 1928 in a freak automobile accident. —ED.

IT WAS QUITE AN EXPERIENCE

Sirs:

I was very much interested in reading the article under the heading "Crazy Mixed-up Game" in *SOUNDTRACK* (SI, Nov. 23).

A friend and I had a very interesting experience this year in Nova Scotia. We observed a moose swimming across the lake and approached him with a canoe to get some close-up pictures. One thing led to another and three hours later we beached him with a rope around his neck to save him from drowning.

The moose apparently became either confused or scared when we approached him to take pictures. He started circling and continued circling in the middle of the lake for an hour after we left him. We felt obligated to go back and get a rope around him and tow him ashore. It took us two hours to accomplish that feat. Incidentally, he weighed about 400 pounds.

I think during the first hour we probably could have made a million-dollar movie. The few pictures I was able to get will remind me of a most unusual experience for years to come. I have been tempted several times to write the story.

My experience leads me to believe that the Canadian moose do require psychiatric treatment!

AL NEFF

Ashaway, R.I.

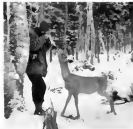


NEFF TO THE RESCUE

WHO STALKED WHO?

Sirs:

Here is a picture of one of the difficulties encountered by SI's photographer Ronny Jacques in covering the Rocky Island deer stalk (SI, Dec. 13). Jerry, a pet deer and an



JERRY

unparalleled publicity hog, was all too ready to pose for an extreme close-up every time Jacques unfocused his camera.

ARTHUR M. UHLMANN

Milwaukee, Wis.

WHAT A HAUL

Sirs:

SI's fine coverage of hunting and its concomitant occupational hazard of having some sharpshooter visualize a 10-point rack on your skull and letting fly at it prompts me to draw your attention to Harvard's now famous Thomas A. Lehrer's ditty on the sport:

Lehrer, while a graduate student of mathematics, achieved unexpected but richly deserved recognition as a football lyricist ("... won't it be peachy if we win the game but, fellows, let's not injure them . . ."). Here is his "Hunting Song" from *Tom Lehrer's Song Book* (Crown Publishers, \$2).

I always shall remember,

'Twas a year ago November,

I went out to hunt some deer,

On a morning bright and clear,

I went and shot the maximum the

game laws would allow—

Two game warden, seven hunters

and a cow.

I was in no mood to tifle,

I took down my trusty rifle,

And went out to stalk my prey,

(What a haul I made that day!)

I fed them to my feeder and I drove

them home somehow,

Two game warden, seven hunters,

and a cow.

The law was very firm, it

Took away my permit,

The worst punishment I ever endured,

It turned out there was a reason.

Cows were out of season,

And one of the hunters wasn't insured . . .

ANDREW DE HERSCHE

Cambridge, Mass.

WE'D RATHER SAY IT THAN HEAR IT

Sirs:

In looking over the roundup of the week's news in *SCOREBOARD* (SI, Dec. 6), I see that you have omitted the National Basketball Association Record for assists broken by Andy Phillip on November 27th (Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis). I think SI is terrific, but "Lack of always say, to err is human."

BRUCE DIASO

Fresno, Cal

• In that game Andy Phillip was credited with 19 assists. The Celtics' Bob Cousy held the record with 18 in the Jan. 18, 1953 game against the New York Knickerbockers. Last season Cousy was top man with 518 assists in 72 games, against Phillip's 449 in 71 games. —ED.

SPECIAL INTERESTS

Sirs:

Your Dec. 6 issue has, as usual, met with our sincere approval and your article, *New King of the Mountains*, was of particular interest to us. . . . As an exacting coverage of the Pan American road race, your article leaves nothing undone, but because of our special interest in this area, any data in regard to the following details would certainly be welcome.

1.) Was the Lincoln the only automobile supported on such a scale, and to just what extent was it supported as regards financial backing?

2.) Do the other automotive corporations back representatives or are they entered independently?

3.) How is "stock" car defined in respect to this race?

4.) What are the qualifications, fees, etc., in connection with this race?

In closing, we should like to extend our thanks to you for the excellent articles in which our university has been portrayed in your magazine this fall. . . . Thanks from the University of Oklahoma campus.

HOMER H. HOLME
PHIL LAMBE
NED SPENCE
JOHN THOMPSON

Norman, Okla.

• The Lincolns were subsidized at a cost of about \$200,000 which included supplying and maintaining a good part of the elaborate equipment and the 50-man crew that serviced the cars. Coca-Cola sponsored the Buicks and the Volkswagen were sustained by the Mexico City dealer.

Entries for the stock car competition must have a seating capacity of at least four and its bodies must be "an integral part of the car model constructed under [the manufacturer's] trade name." Certain modifications of the lighting, braking, ignition, and fuel systems are permitted among others. Owners may also modify gear box, radiator capacity, balance crank shafts and wheels, reinforce the interior of the body, install an extra gas tank, bore out cylinders within .020 of an inch oversize and extend the exhaust pipe without changing its diameter. Drivers must hold racing licenses and obtain an FIA license from the AAA Contest Board in Washington. Entry fees are \$500 for a large stock car, \$280 for special series stock and \$280 for European stock car. Good luck.—ED.

IT'S ME

Sirs:
In your Dec. 6 issue of SI there is a picture of Pan American road race fan David Ramsey dying after accident. The person in the picture happens to be me. I don't know where you got it. I was with Ramsey, he was killed instantly and I was injured.

JAMES SHEELTON

El Paso, Tex.

• Mexico's Foto Mayo agency sent picture with wrong caption. Our apologies to Mr. Shelton.—ED.

THESE GALS MEAN BUSINESS

Sirs:
I read in a recent issue of SI that the Pi Phi chapter at Ohio University lost 7-0 to Alpha Xi Delta sorority in the annual Powder Puff Bowl game.

When I read that this lone touchdown was the first scored since 1951, I could not help but feel that the Boston University chapter must be the Notre Dame of sorority football, as the Pi Phi girls have yet to lose a Powder Puff game. They are no low-scoring outfit, either.

There is also no fooling around in sweat-shirts and dungarees, for these gals are com-

pletely fitted out in football jerseys; pants; helmets; shoulder, hip, thigh, and knee pads. They really mean business!

This year the game was played under the lights at Boston University Field (formerly Braves Field), and was given major coverage by three Boston newspapers (*Globe, Post, Herald*).

But most important was that the girls enjoyed some real clean fun and that all the money collected was donated to the Muscular Dystrophy Fund.

Congratulations!

Boston

DICK BURKE



HOLD THAT LINE

OLYMPIC SUPPORT

Sirs:

When I read Don Canham's article *The Russians Win! Win!*, a thought crossed my mind regarding the cost of our Olympic team. I've been waiting ever since for someone else to have the same idea. But so far, I seem to be the sole owner of this notion.

Your publication now has a circulation in excess of 500,000—that's 500,000 people able and happy to pay \$5.00 or \$7.50 a year just to read about sports.

I'd be willing to bet most of them would be proud to contribute a dollar or two (one-sixth to one-third the cost of a year's subscription) to the Olympic Fund. I think we, your readers, should send our money to you, the publishers of SI.

RICHARD IRWIN

Gilbertsville, N.Y.

• SI welcomes Mr. Irwin's suggestion and contribution, will forward all money received to the Olympic Team Fund (see SI, Dec. 20 inside back cover), which was set up, with the help of LIFE and SI, by such public-spirited organizations as the Junior Chamber of Commerce, YMCA, CYO and Jewish Welfare Board Youth Group to handle such contributions and to promote public interest in the coming Olympics.—ED.

MY LOVE FOR TENNIS

Sirs:

I read Bill Talbert's help wanted ad in SI, Dec. 6. I am very interested in what you had to say.

I am 20 years old, and I live in Asheville, N.C. I am now a student at Wake Forest College in Wake Forest, N.C.

I have been playing tennis for nine years. I have played in all the major tournaments in this part of the state. Last year I played number one on the Wake Forest freshman team. I was ineligible for varsity play, which says that no freshmen can play on varsity teams.

I played tennis in high school as well as track, basketball and baseball. During my high school career, I only lost one match. We played Class AAA ball and played the outstanding teams in the state, our team losing but one match my senior year.

I have a great love for tennis and also great hope for going somewhere with it. I have long waited for the chance to play big-time tennis.

I have been coached by both Jeff Nicholson and Hook Sloan. Nicholson played number two at the University of North Carolina the year Vic Seixas played number one. Hook Sloan was rated number one in South Carolina for seven years. Both have helped me a great deal.

ROBERT GARRIN

Wake Forest, N.C.

ALL ASKARO

Sirs:

THAT WAS FINE FEATURE YOU HAD ON 12 TOP SKI AREAS IN COUNTRY BUT IN DEALING WITH SCAW VALLEY AND AVAILABLE TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES YOU JUST MENTIONED HIGHWAY. TWO FAMOUS TRAINS, CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO AND SF OVERLAND BETWEEN SF AND CHICAGO, PASS WITHIN FEW MILES OF THIS FINE CALIFORNIA SKI RESORT.

F. Q. THEDWAY

SAN FRANCISCO

• But do they stop?—ED.

A POST OFFICE CALLED NORDEN

Sirs:

IN YOUR CALENDAR OF IMPORTANT SKIING EVENTS OF THE 1955 SEASON, PUBLISHED IN YOUR ISSUE OF DEC. 6, YOU LIST THE NORTH AMERICAN DOWNHILL, SLALOM AND COMBINED (APRIL 16-17), AND SLIVER BELT DOWNHILL (APRIL 24) AS TAKING PLACE AT NORDEN, CAL. I THINK IT WOULD MEAN MORE TO YOUR READERS IF YOU SPECIFIED THAT THESE RACES ARE TO BE RUN AT THE SEAGAR BOWL, A SKI RESORT NEAR NORDEN, SINCE THE POST OFFICE CALLED NORDEN HAS NO PARTICULAR SIGNIFICANCE TO SKIERS.

GORDON MCINTOSH

NORDEN, CAL.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S

AIMONLY MATCHWIT




AIMONLY MATCHWIT

**YOU GET FUN
OUT OF**

LIFE





*What have VICEROYS got
that other
filter cigarettes
haven't got?*



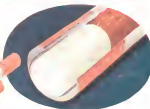
*The answer is
20,000 Filters
in every Viceroy tip!*

ONLY A PENNY OR TWO MORE THAN
CIGARETTES WITHOUT FILTERS



VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE

VICEROY



20,000
individual filters ...
and Viceroy's
taste so rich ...
draw so freely!

*New King-Size
Filter Tip*

VICEROY
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING
FILTER TIP CIGARETTE